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Michigan History Magazine

VOL. XIV

AUTUMN NUMBER

1930

EARLY VIEWS OF MICHIGAN CAMPUS

—*Wilfred B. Shaw*

REMINISCENCES OF DETROIT

—*James F. Dickie*

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

—*By an Old Timer*



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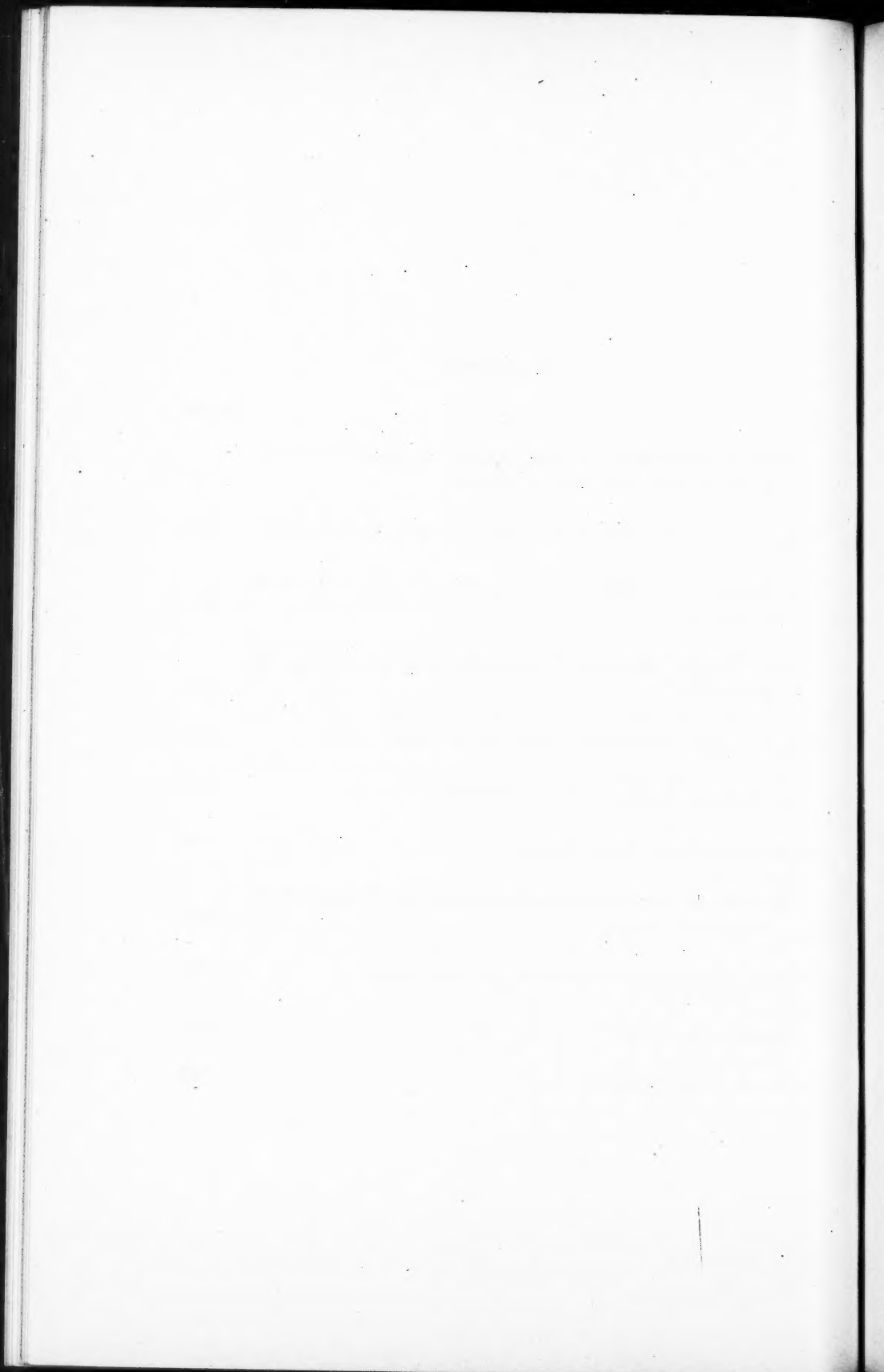
VOLUME XIV, AUTUMN NUMBER, 1930

GEORGE N. FULLER, *Editor*

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MICHIGAN HISTORY MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV

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SOME EARLY VIEWS OF THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BY WILFRED B. SHAW
Director of Alumni Relations

THE first steps toward the establishment of the present campus of the University of Michigan were taken in June 1837 when the first Board of Regents of the University met in Ann Arbor to lay the plans for the new institution. Preserved among the archives of the University are the original minutes of that meeting, but aside from this official record very little is known about the reasons which lay behind some of their measures.

One of the first questions to be settled was the actual site of the University. A land company had promised to donate forty acres to the State as a future campus, and two farms on the eastern outskirts of the little community of 2,000 inhabitants were under consideration. The choice first fell on what was known as the Nowlin Farm which lay at the edge of the hills along the Huron River, north of the present campus. For some reason this site, reported upon favorably at first, proved unacceptable and by an amendment to the original report, which passed by a vote of six to five, the Rumsey Farm was finally selected. This lay on a level expanse away from the picturesque hills and vistas across the river offered by the original site.

With a praiseworthy belief in a rosy future for the University and confidence that support on the part of the State would be forthcoming, the Regents planned an impressive group of

buildings for the times and engaged the services of an eastern architect, Alexander J. Davis, who apparently submitted some plans. These ambitious projects, however, were seriously curbed long before the University opened its doors four years later in 1841. The income from the sale of State lands proved negligible and there was no actual income from the commonwealth save for a loan of \$100,000 advanced by the State. For thirty years this was to be a perennial source of discussion between the Regents and the State administration.

So when the first six students applied for admission in October 1841, they found on the campus one building practically completed in addition to four houses built to serve as homes for members of the faculty. This original building, which was officially designated as Mason Hall in honor of the first Governor of Michigan, Stevens T. Mason, served as a dormitory as well as recitation building, and included under its roof the chapel and a library as well. It was erected at a cost of \$16,000, and now forms the north wing of old University Hall, hidden behind the imposing facade of Angell Hall, erected over eighty-five years later.

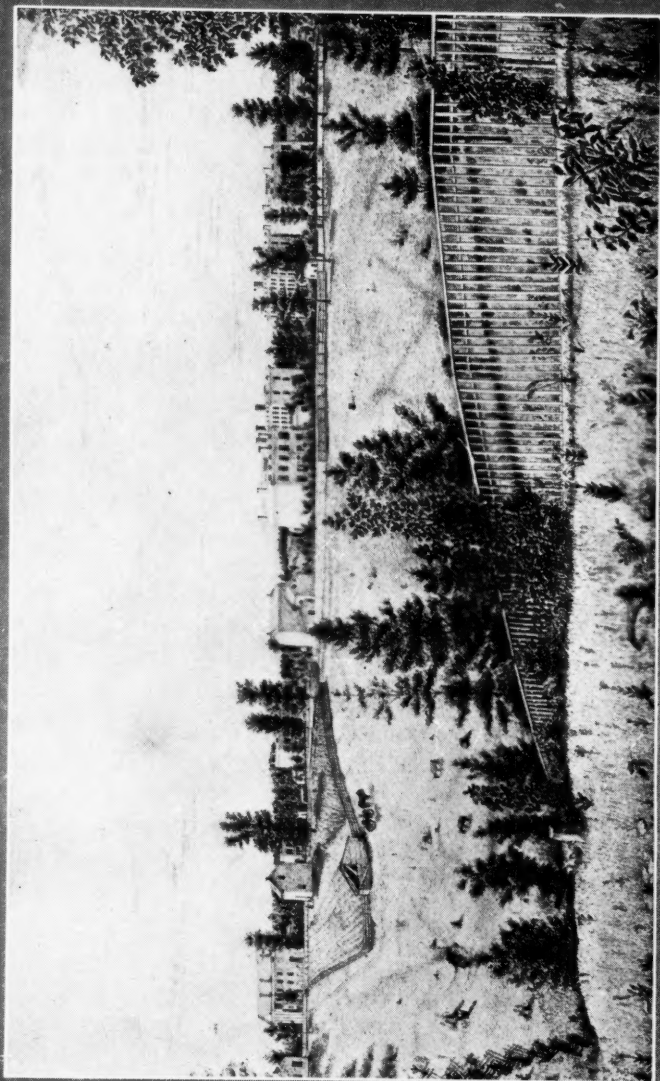
Of the four professors' houses on the campus, only one remains—the President's house on South University Avenue. Altered many times, but still recognizable, it has been occupied by every President of the University save President Hutchins. The other faculty residences were used for the original purpose for many years, though some of them were let to other tenants at different times. With the growth of the institution however, they were eventually utilized for university purposes. One on the south side became, in 1877, the original Dental College, and was taken over by the Engineering College in 1895. Of the two on the north side, one became the University Hospital in 1868, later housing the Dental College; while in 1875 the other became the Homeopathic College. Eventually all but the President's residence were removed as the campus expanded and the need for larger buildings developed.

The next building erected on the campus was a companion



WEST FRONT MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

The original plan for the University. Nothing definite survives of the plan for the University prepared by the "eastern architect" engaged by the first Board of Regents. It is more than possible, however, that this small sketch, which appears on a map of Ann Arbor published in 1854 by D. A. Pettibone, shows the conception which received the first approval of the Board. Lack of funds prevented the completion of this design, which recalls in its main features the academic buildings in a number of the older colleges of the east.



The earliest sketch of the University. Preserved in the University Library is this pencil sketch dated 1854. It shows the University viewed from the northeast across the deep ravine long known to students as the "Cat Hole." The street at the right along which the University buildings stand is North University; Washtenaw Avenue turns off at the left. The two professor's houses on the north side of the Campus are shown in the middle right, with the two original wings of University Hall, Mason Hall and South College, rising just behind them. At the extreme left is the old Medical Building with the two professor's houses on the opposite side of the Campus indicated in the background. This picture is signed by Adeline Mead and was found among the papers of the Ladd family who were old Ann Arbor residents.



The oldest view of Ann Arbor. Only recently this old lithograph of Ann Arbor came into the possession of the University. It shows the little community stretching up from the banks of the Huron, which shows on the left, with the University buildings rising on the distant hill behind the town. The view is taken from the heights along the Huron to the northwest, just above what is now known as the Whitmore Lake Road. The trees in the foreground indicate the course of Allen's Creek, upon the banks of which John Allen and Ann, his wife, found the natural arbor which gave the city its name.



The earliest painting of the University Campus. Hanging in Alumni Memorial Hall is a little painting of the Campus, which was painted by the artist Cropsey in 1855. It was apparently acquired by Andrew D. White while he was a Professor in the University, and was presented by him later to the University. The view shown is from the hills to the north and east. The two wings of University Hall are shown in the background with the old Medical Building rising in the left background. The professor's houses are indicated at either side with the steeples of the churches in the town indicated in the right background. The old pike to Ypsilanti, which later became Washtenaw Avenue, is shown running off at the left.



The Michigan Campus - 1850

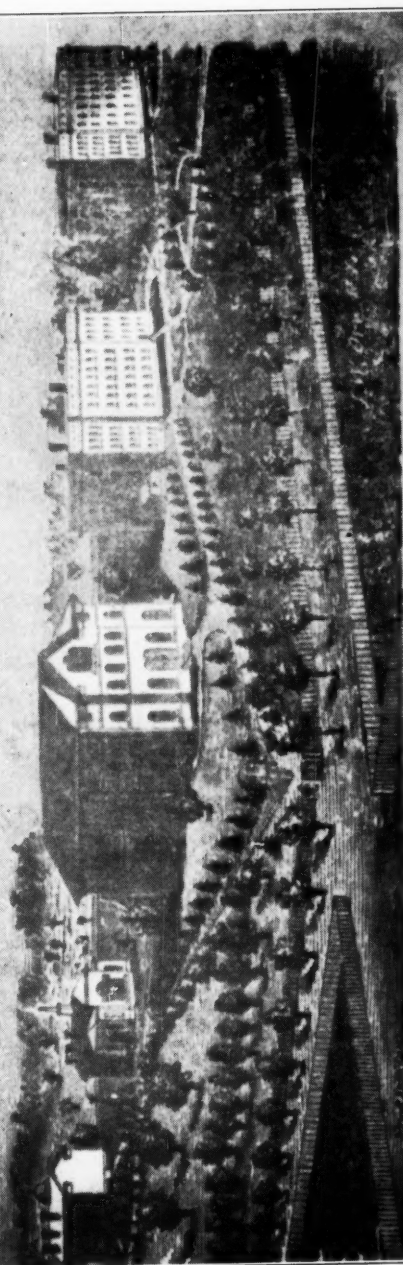
W. B. Lawrence

The Campus of 1850. This modern etching seeks to reproduce the atmosphere of eighty years ago. The oldest living graduate of the University, Dr. John Parker Stoddard, '59, of Muskegon, has vouched for its essential accuracy.



An early photograph of the University. Among the class records in the University Library is this photograph, which was incorporated in the album of the class of 1861. An earlier photograph exists in the same collection however. It is found in the class record of 1849, and therefore was taken only a few years after the invention of photography. It is dim and faded, but gives the same view as this later, more interesting picture which shows Mason Hall at the left and South College at the right, as well as the feeble beginnings of the magnificent trees which now surround these buildings. The contemporary costumes and the benches and tables piled up at the right are interesting details.

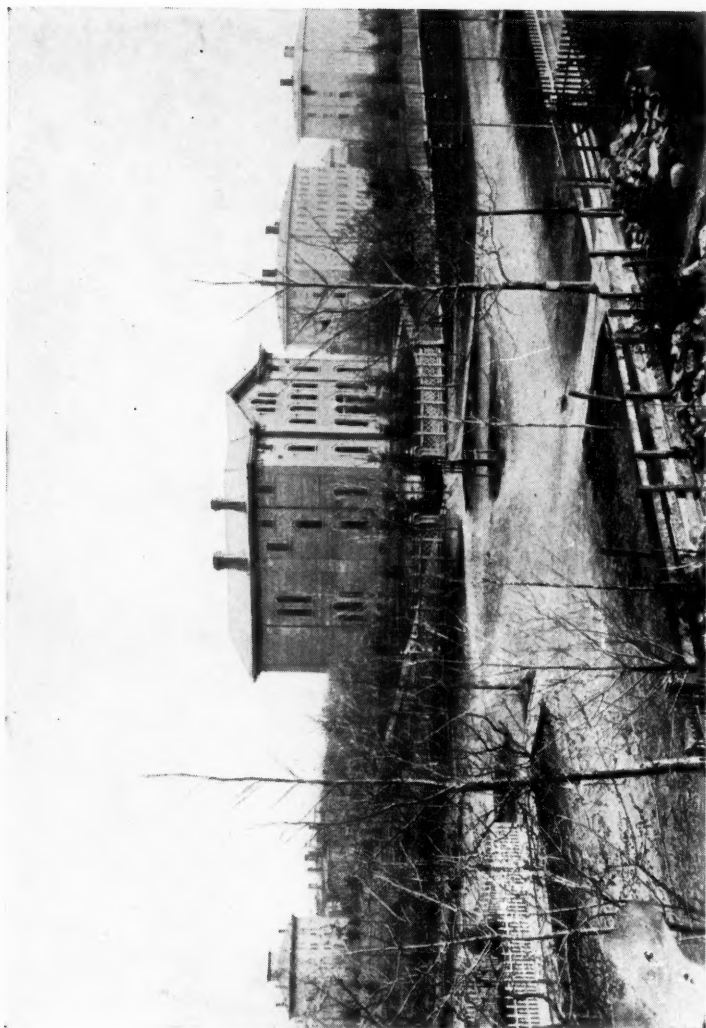
sketch according to Act of Congress A. D. 1863, by A. W. Chase, M. D., in the Office of the District Court of the U. S. at Detroit, Mich.



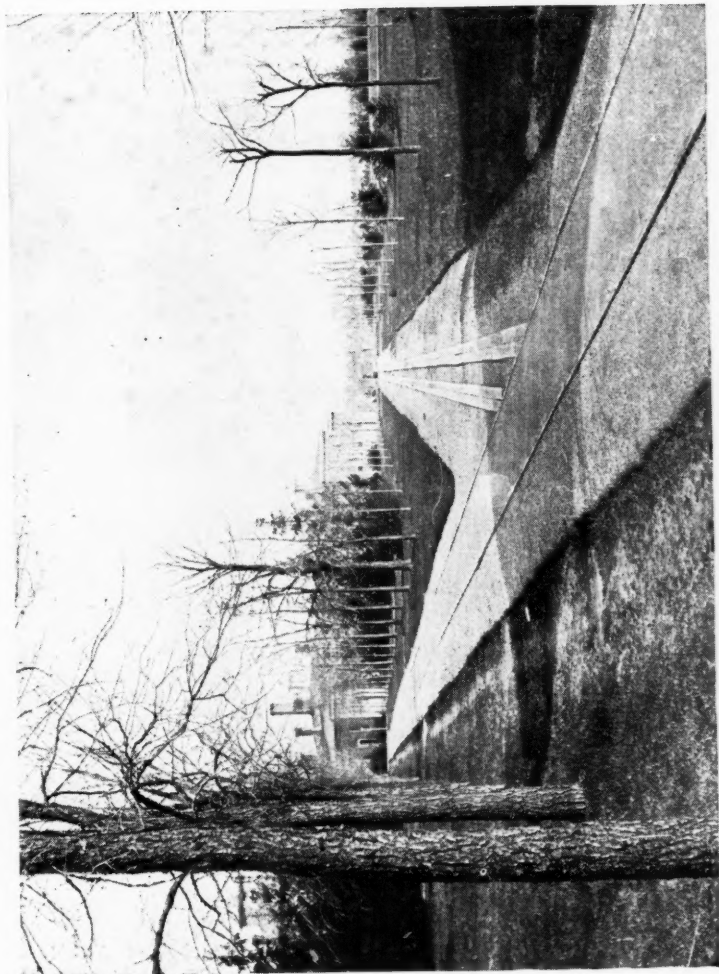
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR.

In this perspective view, from the North-West, drawn by D. Wood, Professor of Civil Engineering, we have an accurate representation of the University in 1863. In the foreground is the old Law Building with the first Chemistry Laboratory immediately behind it. Further to the rear and at the left of the picture appears the rear of the first Medical Building. The view is taken from the corner of State Street and North University which are lined by the trees set out five years before under the inspiration of Andrew D. White. The Campus in those days was surrounded by a fence, and at the corner in the foreground were a series of posts separated by an interval "big enough for a man but not big enough for a cow."

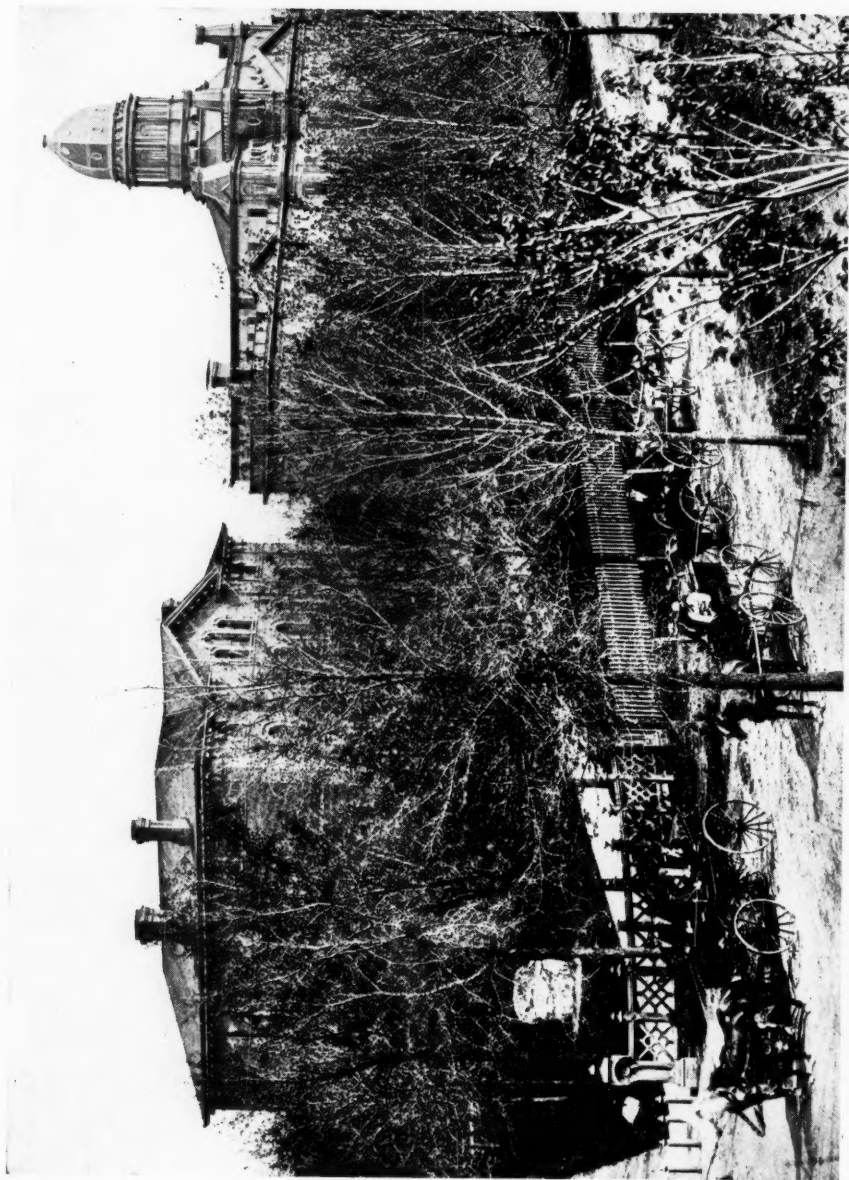
As Engineer's conception of the Campus, DeYolson Wood, first Professor of Civil Engineering in the University, is responsible for this "accurate representation of the University in 1863." In the foreground is the old Law Building with the first Chemistry Laboratory immediately behind it. Further to the rear and at the left of the picture appears the rear of the first Medical Building. The view is taken from the corner of State Street and North University which are lined by the trees set out five years before under the inspiration of Andrew D. White. The Campus in those days was surrounded by a fence, and at the corner in the foreground were a series of posts separated by an interval "big enough for a man but not big enough for a cow."



The "State street corner" in the sixties. This early photograph shows the same features indicated in Professor Wood's drawing. The photograph was evidently taken some years subsequent to 1864, since the rear wing to the Medical Building added in that year, is shown at the left. Immediately at the right the old Chemistry Building, built in 1857 with the additions of 1861 and 1866, is shown. The numerous chimneys dimly seen, indicate the careful provisions for ventilation.

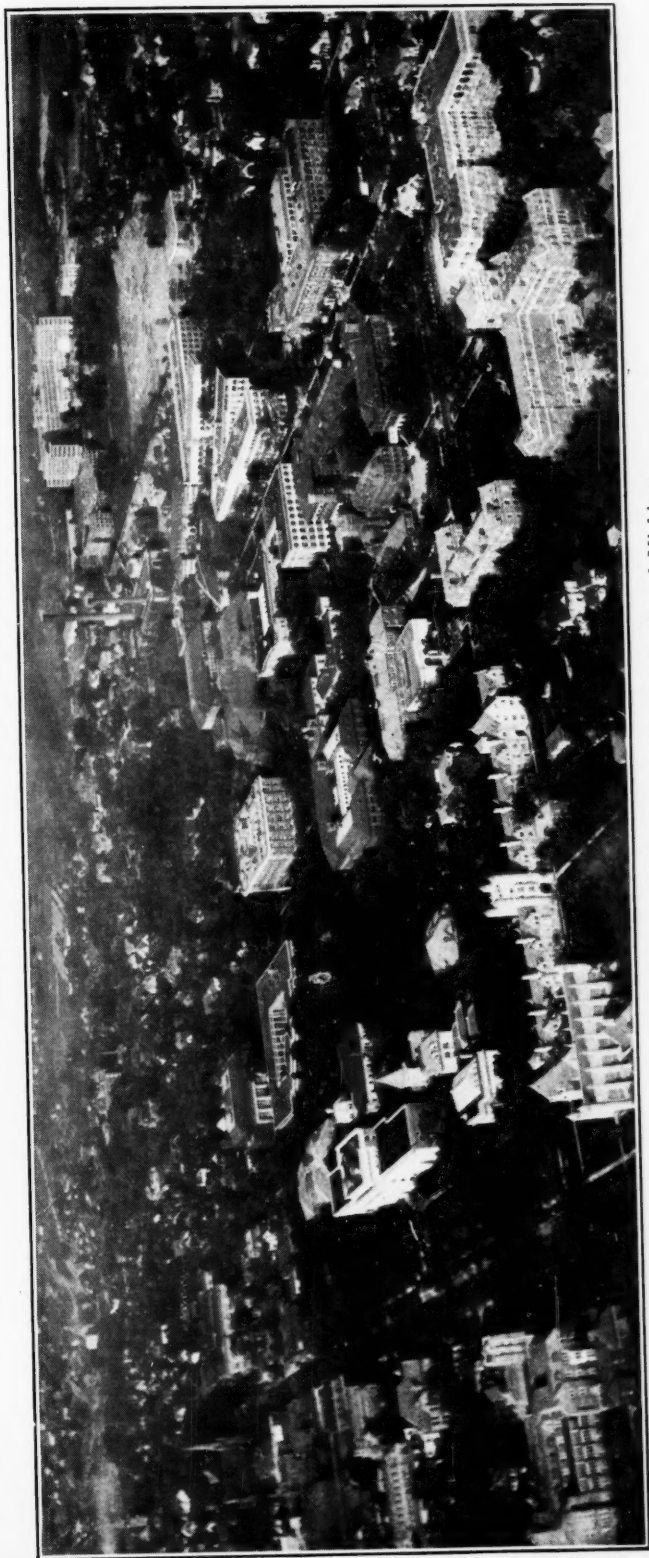


The beginning of the diagonal walks. This picture probably taken between 1870 and 1875, shows the better cared for but still primitive Campus of the early seventies. The trees, planted some ten or fifteen years earlier, which now form magnificent avenues, are only beginning their growth. The group of buildings shown form the old Chemistry Laboratory which had been enlarged four times at the time this picture was taken.

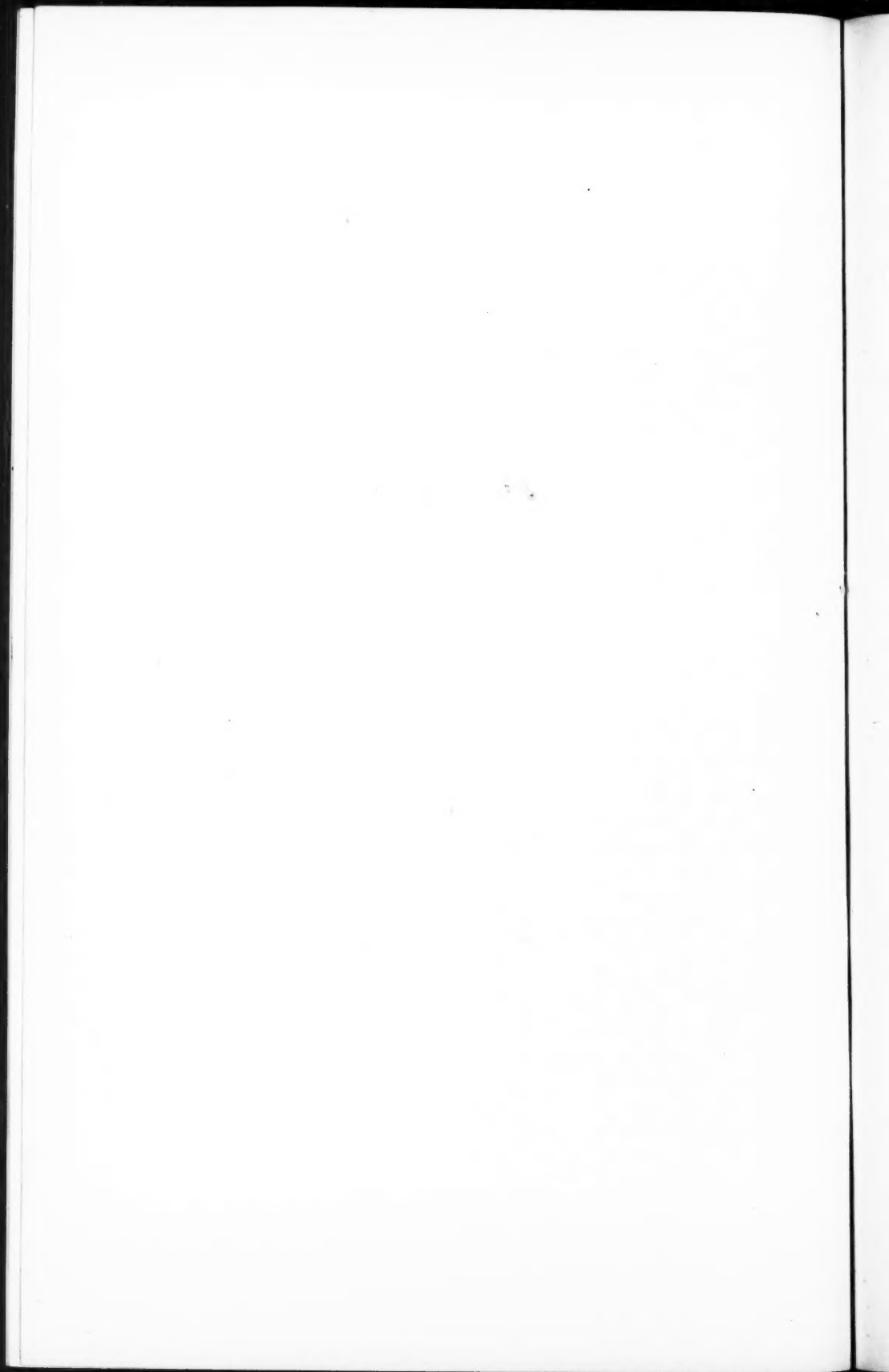


State street and the Campus—About 1875. University Hall, completed in 1873, and the increasing size of the trees, indicate the University's growth. The old Law Building shown at the left was completed in 1863. A portion of the main tax gateway to the Campus appears in the left foreground as well as an indication of the long diagonal walk, which was replaced in 1898 by the present low and safer dome. The tall tower on University Hall was replaced in 1898 by the present low and safer dome. The vehicles in the foreground suggest one aspect of student life fifty years ago.

was replaced in 1898 by the present low and safer dome. The vehicles in the foreground suggest one aspect of student life fifty years ago.



Airplane view of the Campus of the University of Michigan.



to Mason Hall, standing to the south and exactly duplicating the first building. It became known as "South College" and was completed in 1849 at a cost of approximately \$13,000. A year later the old Medical Building was erected on the east side of the campus at a cost of \$9,000. With its picturesque pillared portico it was long a landmark in Ann Arbor, and many were the protests from the medical graduates when it was razed in 1914.

These original buildings were all built of brick covered with stucco which, in the buildings still remaining, has for the most part survived uninjured. There is a tradition that the durability of this material may be ascribed to the fact that the cement was mixed with skimmed milk instead of water.

Michigan was a pioneer in the laboratory method of teaching. Dr. Silas H. Douglas, the first Professor of Chemistry, was one of the first to realize that the way to teach science was to encourage students to perform their own experiments. Accordingly very early in the history of the University a small laboratory for special students was established in the Medical Building. From this grew the idea of a special laboratory building. This finally came in 1857, the first building erected in America solely for this purpose. Although President Tappan pronounced it "unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the country," it was really a tiny little edifice which cost only \$3,450. It was built almost at the center of the campus and portions of it still remain incorporated in the old Chemistry Building though hidden by the subsequent additions which came very rapidly. The building is now occupied by the Departments of Economics and Physiology and stands just north and east of the University Library.

It was not until 1863 that the Law Building on the northwest corner of the campus was completed. While the present Law Building is very different in general appearance from the rather ungainly structure shown in the earlier pictures, it still stands as a part of the present Law Building. This building housed the University Library until 1883, when the old library building, torn down in 1918, was completed.

For thirty years the two first buildings of the University, Mason Hall and the old South College stood in separate grandeur, as many of the earlier pictures of the University show. It was not until 1873 that they were united through the erection of the central portion of old University Hall, completed at a cost of \$100,000. Topped by a tall and impressive tower-like dome, it immediately became a landmark for miles around. Eventually, however, this tower proved unsafe and it was replaced in 1898 by the lower and much safer dome which, in turn, has been eclipsed by the impressive pillared portico of Angell Hall.

One of the glories of Michigan's campus is its oak, elm and maple trees. Comparatively few trees were standing on the present campus in those early years when it was the Rumsey Farm; only the old Tappan Oak and perhaps one or two other forest trees survive the primeval period. Early pictures reveal the stark and treeless character of the campus in its first years. To Andrew D. White, first Professor of History in the University, and later President of Cornell University, must be given the credit for the tree-lined walks which now cross the campus. From his first years in Ann Arbor, tree planting became one of his particular hobbies, and his inspiration spread to the townspeople of Ann Arbor. Thus it happened that the citizens presented sixty trees to the University in 1858, while the seniors of the same year left a memorial in the shape of concentric rings of maple trees around the Tappan Oak, and trees were planted along the diagonal walks.

Following the completion of University Hall the growth of buildings upon the original campus proceeded slowly but steadily until 1921. Then came the great building program inaugurated by President Burton. Within the last ten years the building facilities, utilized by the University in its educational program, measured in square feet, have more than doubled, and yet, despite this expansion, Michigan's campus is steadily becoming one of the most beautiful and impressive in America.

REMINISCENCES OF DETROIT

BY REV. JAMES F. DICKIE, D.D.

ON the Sixth of April 1879 we came to Detroit where I was to enter the pastorate of the Central Presbyterian Church. Detroit was then a town of about 100,000 inhabitants, and everybody of importance knew every other person. The foremost preachers at that time were Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, Reverend Dr. Zecharais Eddy, and Reverend Rufus Clark of St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

The business part of the city reached from Jefferson Avenue along Woodward as far as the Circus Park; and along Grand River Avenue as far as to Fifth Street; and along Gratiot as far as to Hastings and Russell.

The principal hotels were the Russell House, the Michigan Exchange and the Biddle. The Biddle House was very shortly after our arrival closed by the whimsical power of Luther Beecher. He was a very eccentric individual who, as Senator McMillan once told me, had turned the pathway of business progress out of Jefferson Avenue and sent it up Woodward, and enabled them to retain (which they have not been able to retain since) Jefferson Avenue as a high class residential street.

Newcomb Endicott's Store was in the opera house at Cadillac Square and continued there until Mr. Ferry built the five story house department store which Newcomb & Endicott so long occupied, and which is still in use in conjunction with the higher building that is adjoining.

In those early days C. R. Mabley made himself remarkable in his clothing store for his advertisements. He advertised more than anyone else in town, and he was continually doing peculiar things to attract people's attention. Now he would have

As this goes to press a letter comes from Dr. Dickie saying that he is back in his old church at Berlin, Germany, and occupying again the residence he lived in for so many years. "Mrs. Dickie and I are both very busy with works on Germany for A. and C. Black, the well known London Publishers," he writes. Dr. Dickie's European address is "care Bankers Trust Co., Paris, France."—Ed.

a rope walker, walking across a rope from his side, which was adjoining the Russell House, across to G. & R. McMillan's Store, which still stands in the same place as it has stood for so many years.

Lafayette and Fort Street were the two most desirable residential streets, along with upper Woodward Avenue and Jefferson from Beaubien as far east as Mt. Elliott. That was as far as it went.

There were then only seven Presbyterian Churches; I can only remember four Baptist Churches, perhaps there might have been six Methodist Churches. At the Ministers' Meetings in those days all denominations were invited to come, but I never remember to have seen more than twenty present. This association met in the Young Men's Christian Association, which was then located on Grand River Avenue not far from Woodward. The persons who were most interested then in the Young Men's Christian Association, besides several of the clergy, were Mr. George R. Angell; Mr. J. L. Hudson; Mr. Sullivan M. Cutcheon. These in especial were devoted, and helped to further its interests.

The Mayor, when I came, was Mr. Langdon. Among the ex-mayors were Mayor Wheaton and Mayor Hugh Moffatt; Mayor Wheaton was regarded as being a very skilful politician of the old school, and of Hugh Moffatt many interesting stories are told; none more so than the fact that he was fined during his mayoralty because he tore down a scarlet fever sign that was put on his house when some of his children had scarlet fever. He maintained that as Mayor of the town he could do as he willed in regard thereunto, and through his determinate Scotch obstinacy and assumption he earned for himself a rigorous fine. At the same time he was a very kindly man and a very able man in many ways, and a man who was interested not only in everything Scotch, but who left the Scotch Church to which he was very much attached during the Civil War, because he said that the Pastor could not tell him whether the North or the South was in the right; and a Pastor who could not decide such a moral question as that, was not fit to direct

him in any spiritual concerns. Therefore he took his letter from the Scotch Church and went to the First Presbyterian Church where old Dr. George Duffield was then preaching.

Since the days of the Revolution there have always been Duffields who were very prominent in Church and State, and probably no weightier person has ever been pastor in Detroit than Dr. Duffield who was Pastor of the First Church from 1838 until June 24, 1868. His son, D. Bethune Duffield, was a very distinguished lawyer and was constantly invited to take part in public meetings and to deliver lectures. I remember him addressing a large congregation in the First Church on the Hundredth Anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, when he gave an admirable address on Washington that extended to about an hour and twenty minutes.

Moreover, Mr. Duffield was a poet of no mean order, and on public occasions such as, for example, the Presbyterian Banquet, Mr. Duffield usually wrote a new hymn to be set to music and sung by the assembly. He had a very tall brother a preacher, who had been in Philadelphia and had pastorates in other places, and who had retired and came to be with us here in the city that his father had so much adorned. He was a remarkable preacher, and was extremely pathetic; so much so that in clerical circles he was—though not maliciously but humorously—called “the weeping prophet.” He will never be forgotten by any that knew him for he was the author of the hymn “Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus,” and I feel it a great privilege to have known him so very intimately. One year when I was the sole Presbyterian Pastor—the other churches being all vacant—he came and sympathized with me and said to me—“I see that you have become like Paul, and that in addition to your own work, to you appertaineth the burden of all the rest of the churches.”

The outstanding laymen were Mr. Trowbridge, Mr. Sidney D. Miller, Governor Baldwin and Mr. J. W. Waterman of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Waterman gave a very large sum of money to rid Grace Church of its debt.

In addition to the Pastors' Union, there was formed among

the clergy a club called The Review Club. This was some years after I had come to Detroit. We had in it three Episcopalian clergy, Reverend Rufus Clark; Reverend Joseph Johnson, now Bishop of Southern California; and Reverend Mr. Blanchard, now deceased; three Presbyterian clergy—myself; Dr. Radcliffe and Dr. Duffield; two Congregationalists—Dr. William H. Davis and Dr. H. P. DeForest. We met every week and told each other the contents of the several magazines—for instance one of us had to examine and report on the Nineteenth Century; another on the Atlantic Monthly; another on the Century Magazine; another on the Contemporary Review, and so on. At each meeting we went from house to house, and though we never expected the Episcopalian Bishop to attend, yet many a time he accepted the invitation to the evening dinner that followed this gathering.

EARLY PUBLIC EVENTS

Now we may think about the public events. The first great excitement that I saw after my coming to Detroit, was the meeting of the Republican Convention, I think it was in Chicago, when an attempt was made to have Grant nominated for a third term, and at which Garfield and Arthur were nominated. That created great excitement, because the Convention voted for days with Grant in the ascendancy, but suddenly matters changed; Garfield and Arthur were nominated and the campaign began.

1880 I remember Carl Schurz came here and denounced Blaine, and there was some number which it was alleged that Blaine had in some way or another defaulted to the extent of something like 324. These numbers were flashed all over the public streets; up Woodward Avenue it said 292. It did not say Blaine, but simply the number put down and that occasioned great excitement and a great deal of high feeling. And then came Carl Schurz denouncing Blaine and holding meetings all over the state and the country. Then one day came Mr. James Blaine himself. I was not able to hear him; I was only in-

troduced to him, and saw a gentleman who was very dignified, who was extremely courteous, and who was a man of great ability.

I think that at that time Hancock and English were the Democratic nominees, and I have an idea that Butler was running on some third platform, because I remember to have seen Butler elevated in Grand Circus Park on a little platform, and speaking in the open air in the month of September in that year 1880. I can see him distinctly and what a peculiar figure he was.

Then next year came the inauguration of Garfield and it wasn't long thereafter until the report came of his having been shot. I can see the excitement yet that there was in town—how ladies wept and men had tears in their voices; how all were depressed over the sad news. Meetings were held in churches crowded to the doors, then suddenly the end came at Elberon, and great meetings, memorial services, were held.

Curiously enough, Dr. Pierson, who along with James F. Joy and Sullivan Cutcheon were appointed to address a great meeting in Fort Street Church, became suddenly sick after preaching on Sunday. On Monday morning here was the meeting and they did not know what to do, for Mr. James F. Joy was out of town; Sullivan Cutcheon could not be found, and Dr. Pierson was sick.

Accordingly they made up their minds that they would not tell me, but they would appoint me to be the speaker and would not tell me until I came down to church on Monday morning. When I came in the news I was greeted with was that I would make the address on Garfield. I said to them—"Why didn't you come and tell me yesterday? Why didn't you come to me last night?" They said, "If we had you would have stayed up all night preparing, and you would not have done well. We know you are a man who can think on your feet and you know about Garfield so we resolved you should take the place of the speaker."

After I had finished and they congratulated me, the thing that I was proudest of was that I never once said "unprepared

as I am," but said what I had to say and sat down. I am told that the address was the first thing that made my reputation as a speaker in Detroit. Henceforward on nearly every public occasion until I left Detroit for Berlin in 1894, I was invited to speak.

MR. DICKIE'S PASTORATE

I had a very difficult task before me when I came to the pastorate of the Central Presbyterian Church. In the first place, a very large proportion of the members had seceded and endeavored to form a new congregation, and the church that had had nearly 600 members two years before was now reduced to 229. There had been rather a bitter controversy between those who left and those who remained, and that bitterness created a prejudice against the church that continued for a year or two, and then many of those who had seceded returned to be under my ministry.

Again there was a very large debt remaining on the building. A debt that amounted I think to somewhere like \$15,000. We had before this in Detroit, before my coming, what was called the Presbyterian Alliance. That alliance was made up of all the Presbyterian ministers and elders. They sympathized very deeply with me in the work that I had undertaken and they supported me with council and action. They recommended me to take one of my elders and to canvass the Presbyterians of the city, especially those who were gifted with much worldly goods. Accordingly one of my elders and myself paid visits and we were well received. It was very difficult work, but those to whom we went even when they did not give, received us so courteously that it was rather pleasant than otherwise and did much to introduce me to all the leading people in the Presbyterian Church. When I was in the middle of the canvass it began to be rather difficult and trying, but I was at once lifted up and cheered when Mr. Jacob S. Farrand, passing on his way to the leading bank for a meeting of directors, said, "Don't be discouraged, (I wonder how he knew I was discouraged—I must have looked it.) We are going to

pull you through in some shape." So I felt we could redouble our efforts because we believed that we were going to win. By and by we won and after I had been three years in the church, it was for the first time in its history out of debt.

Accordingly we had a great celebration in the church and the community rejoiced with us that the Old Scotch Church, as it formerly had been called, had now an opportunity to do its work without the embarrassment of a debt; and also without the embarrassment of certain prejudices that had been engendered against it in its former controversies. The church now began to increase its membership and before five years had gone by it had as many members as it ever had had in its history. My influence throughout the city increased as the years went by.

I had to do with many of the other churches and came into intimate relationship with them. There was hardly a prominent family in the Presbyterian Church of the city during the fifteen years of my ministry into whose home I was not called, either to perform a marriage ceremony; or to baptize some little child; or to conduct a funeral service for some member of the household. Thus I was called upon to bury two different Mayors; Mayor Wheaton and Mayor Moffatt. To bury members of the Joy family, and in the home of Senator Mc-Millan; in the home of Mr. Livingstone, so recently deceased; in the home of Mr. Charles Buncher; in the home of Senator Zach Chandler; and in that of Mr. John S. Newberry.

I had only been five years in the Synod of Michigan when I was called upon to be the Moderator. The Synod was held at Monroe and I was the guest of Mr. Hogarth, the banker in Monroe, and I had been told, that I had made a good moderator and conducted the business with ability, diplomacy and skill. But on the Saturday we all went together on a steamboat excursion on Lake Erie.

What happened nobody could ever tell, but when we came for the evening meeting on Saturday immediately after the excursion, it seemed as if the waves of Lake Erie had stirred up all the bile that was in the city and that was the only

time that I found it extremely difficult to hold the balance of power and to direct and guide the Synod. It seemed as if they were determined to try of what stuff the Moderator was made, I flatter myself that they discovered. This was in the year 1884. All my predecessors have passed away and I am now the oldest ex-Moderator of the Synod of Michigan.

DR. PIERSON, *Arthur*
Detroit Michigan

For the first two years that I was in Detroit there were three of us, Dr. Pierson, Dr. Baker and myself, who were very devoted friends and who stood by one another. Neither of us would take any step affecting Presbyterianism without consulting each other and endeavoring as far as possible to take common action.

Dr. Pierson was a man of wonderful brilliancy. His church had burned down and he had conducted services in the theatre, or in the opera house. He had great crowds and preached most brilliantly. On his return to his church he missed the great audiences and the enthusiasm that had prevailed in the opera house and so he commenced by a systematic attack on the church of the present day and exalted the church of former times. We were degenerating; we lacked the presence of God; the power of the Spirit; we did not pray enough, nor practice enough the best of things. He had no patience with a large body of men—influential men in his church who were very proud of him, and who would pour their wealth into the coffers of the church to encourage him, but would not make a public profession. There were about a dozen of these outstanding men, and it seemed to break his heart that they did not respond.

Then he advocated all manner of things that were rather repugnant to those old fashioned influential gentlemen. He advocated the abolition of pews; he advocated the calling in of all people from the highways and the byways, which is indeed Scriptural, but the gentlemen said; "Yes, that was very true and very good but the first thing that had to be done in a

church like Fort Street was to provide the revenue, and therefore they had to have pews, and high rented pews."

The next thing Dr. Pierson did when he told Dr. Baker and myself that he was being foiled, was to have the clergy of the city called together and have a revivalist invited to come. Dr. Pentecost preached for many nights in the Fort Street Church. We all attended and had much profit and had preaching of a high intellectual order from Dr. Pentecost.

Dr. Pentecost had many views in common with Dr. Pierson and yet men like Dr. Bayless of the Central Methodist Church would have nothing to do with the Pentecost meetings, but later led his own revival services for months; Dr. George Baker of the First Protestant Society, or First Church as it was called, had judgment like genius, as he was the most perfectly balanced man I have ever known.

I have often said in Detroit if Dr. Pierson and Dr. Baker could have been mingled thru each other that it would have been of great advantage to both. To Baker would have been given that flash of oratorical genius; and to Dr. Pierson would have been given that flash of judicial genius that would have enriched both.

After the third year of my pastorate, I was urged to take a holiday across the sea, and I did so. My congregation were very liberal in their gifts, but in collecting the money to give to me they omitted a large number of Canadian maids who were helps in the influential families and who had formed a large part of my evening congregation which was then the largest evening congregation in town. These maids were very much disappointed that they had been left out, and had not been asked to contribute to the purse presented to me; accordingly they banded themselves together and presented me with a very beautiful French clock which bears the inscription, "From his Canadian friends."

I left in June and returned in September, 1882. When I came back I was astonished to find that Dr. Pierson had accepted a call from Indianapolis. When I went to see him and say good bye he was in the seventh heaven of delight and

said, "Now I am going to be able to carry out all my theories and definite plans just as I have desired." So I said; "I am very sorry you are going away; I am afraid the lamp is going away from its lamp stand. These gentlemen in Fort Street were ready to do everything in the world for you. Far away pastures are always green, and I hope you will find them so."

Dr. Pierson went and he wasn't long there before he found he had made a great mistake. On the first of January 1891 when I was an old established pastor in town, I had a service; the mother of Dr. Pierson came up and said, "Dr. Dickie, you are still here." And I said, "Yes, by the grace of God I continue until this day." And she said; "If my Arthur had only continued! If he had only known what was good for himself he would still have been here, instead of being a wanderer in England, but doing wonderful work preaching in Spurgeon's Tabernacle." But she said, "He will never be again what he was here."

DR. RADCLIFFE AND DR. DUFFIELD

In the year 1886 Dr. Radcliffe had come to Fort Street Church and the Alliance was held in the Old Light Infantry Armory. General Alger presided. The hymn which Dr. Duffield had written was sung by the united choirs of the city to the tune of Coronation:

Jesus, thou herald of God's peace,
Our Lord's great Saviour, King;
To thee who wrought the soul's release,
To thee our praise we sing.

Let others with the mystics grope
And walk their clouded ways;
We "know where thou hast fixed our hope"
Through God's eternal days.

'Twas Thou with whom the prophets talked
When yet the world was new;
'Twas Thou with whom our fathers walked
The fiery fagots through;

So now thou God of hope and grace,
This prayer we bring to thee;
Haste, haste, the day when all the race,
In Christ shall be made free.

It was a large gathering of something like 600 Presbyterians, and had a great influence in the city. There were addresses on "The Aggressiveness of Presbyterianism" by Dr. Marquis of Chicago; on "Presbyterianism and Liberty," by Dr. Pierson, who happened to be in the city; and an address on "Presbyterianism and Individualism" by myself. Then "Presbyterianism and Catholocity" by Mr. Henry M. Cheever; and on "The Open Door in Detroit" by Rev. Louis R. Fox.

EXPERIENCES AT ANN ARBOR

In the year 1888 Dr. Radcliffe, Dr. Duffield and myself resolved that we would found something like a theological seminary in connection with the University at Ann Arbor. Dr. Duffield was to deliver lectures on Church Doctrines; Dr. Radcliffe on "Christianity as Applied to Social Problems;" and I was appointed to be the lecturer on Church History. The lectures were attended by many students, by quite a few professors and their families at Ann Arbor, and occasionally by President Angell himself.

Our efforts at Ann Arbor were evidently successful, inasmuch as they attracted the attention of the wealthy men of Michigan in Presbyterian circles and Senator James McMillan built for us McMillan Hall, which was dedicated by the Moderator of the General Assembly, Dr. Greene, in 1891. That old theological seminary, or preparatory course for the theological seminary continued until 1894, when Dr. Radcliffe went to Washington, Dr. Duffield went to New York, and I went to Berlin. I believe that the McMillan Hall has now been sold or leased to the Y. M. C. A. or to some other religious institution in Ann Arbor.

I greatly enjoyed my lectures in Ann Arbor. I went out with the train at four in the afternoon, gave my lecture, stayed

at the waiting room in Ann Arbor until about half past ten, and reached home at midnight. About the third or fourth night I was driving when I happened to see the man who keeps the gate at the Michigan Central Station, I felt like stopping and saying to him—"We are going to begin the New Years' course at Ann Arbor, and I suppose the train goes at the same time;" but I foolishly allowed him to pass. I thought that train was one that was never changed; and went down at the usual time. The man said, "Dr. Dickie, the train has been put ten minutes earlier and it has just gone." "Very well; find out how much it will cost for a special train." He went away, came back and said "Eighty Five Dollars." "It is a bitter pill but I am going home to get the money." I said.

When I came down in twenty minutes he said, "You are in great luck; Mr. Farwell of Chicago has a special going through Ann Arbor to Chicago and he will take you on. He won't stop but will slow down sufficiently so you will be able to get off." Accordingly I got on the train and we made good time. When we came to Ann Arbor he slowed down the train and I made to get off; but by some curious accident my overcoat caught on something and held fast. I could not release it and the porter told me to hold on and he would get it loose. He did so, but by this time the train was beginning to go very fast because the engineer thought I had already left the train and so I went down and fell on the rails; my knees struck and I was in a rain hole; there came a colored man and lifted me up. He had a lantern and I was a pretty sight with my clothes all bespattered with mud. However we got everything made as shipshape as possible, as the sailors say, and I was made clean enough so that I could appear before my class.

I finished my lecture and when I got home realized for the first time what I had gone through and was extremely nervous. But on my table lay a magazine. I lifted it up and I read, and have never forgotten the first time I read it—"East is East and West is West," by Rudyard Kipling—"But never the twain shall meet." That was my only unfortunate experience in connection with my duties at Ann Arbor.

ALMA COLLEGE ESTABLISHED

To go back again; a few years before this there was a proposal made to begin a college under Presbyterian auspices in connection with the Synod, in the Saginaw Valley. Dr. Cooper was extremely enthusiastic. Dr. Brusky was extremely enthusiastic; the whole Saginaw Valley was full of the anticipation that fled from heart to heart. I had never been attracted to that denominational college; I had always believed that it was best for men—Protestant, Catholic and Hebrew and Radical—to be brought up together, and educated together and rub against each other, and get to know that there were good things even in those that had a creed that we thought was erroneous or imperfect; so I opposed the movement through thick and thin.

I made speeches against it but the Saginaw Valley movement prevailed. Alma College was established and they found the golden giver in Mr. Wright. The first thing they did was to put coals of fire upon my head by making me the first Doctor of Divinity, along with Dr. Cooper. I have come to alter my opinion somewhat about the denominational college, and have seen how much admirable service Alma has done for that part of the State of Michigan. And so I am not only the oldest living Moderator, but the oldest graduate of Alma, and am glad to say "Let Alma flourish."

EARLY DETROIT CLERGY

When I want to feel myself very old, I remember that I had part, along with Dr. Baker and Dr. Duffield, in the burial of Noah M. Wells, who was the first regularly established Presbyterian clergyman in Detroit. I believe he was settled here somewhere about the year 1815, and this was about 1880 when I had part in the burial; so that I may, having touched his coffin, be said to have touched the beginnings of Presbyterian pastorates in Detroit.

Then after some years Dr. George Duffield passed away and I had part also with Dr. Baker in his funeral. Then we lost

Rev. Dr. Sproal, who had been pastor in Washington during the Presidency of Franklin Pierce. On one occasion he astounded Washington by denouncing Franklin Pierce for something that he had done which Dr. Sproal thought was inconsistent with what the President owed to Church and to moral society. He denounced him as "that selvedge of a man, Franklin Pierce." He must have been an eloquent preacher in his Washington days and a good Gospel preacher besides because Rufus Choate, one of the greatest of American orators, attended with delight the ministry of Dr. Sproal. Someone invited him to attend some other church where, he said, the preacher was "a great orator and very liberal in his religious views." To which Rufus Choate replied, "As for oratory, I think I can do a little of that myself. And as for liberality and charity in his views, I find Dr. Sproal to be a worthy Christian gentleman and I would not desert his pastorate. I count myself happy to be numbered amongst his adherents."

When I came to Detroit, Dr. Sproal was an old gentleman. He had been an army chaplain at the Military Academy at West Point, and he had a stalwart military bearing. He attended my ministry and was a great helper to me, as well as a wise advisor. He had a weakness for a fine horse and one day came up to my house and took me driving with him. His horse had speed as well as beauty. On this occasion the horse attempted to run away and was going at a great speed out what is now the Boulevard. Dr. Sproal sat beside me, I had my hands folded and never once moved them; whereupon Dr. Sproal said, "You know, if you had been driving and I sat there, I would have meddled with the reins and because you have not done this I am coming for you every Monday afternoon to drive." So I was indebted to that for my regular Monday afternoon outing. By and by he was taken from us and we buried him from the First Presbyterian Church. Dr. Baker and I conducted the service, and President Angell came and by request made the address.

A few years after another of the retired pastors, the Rev. John G. Atterbury of fragrant memory, and who had been

the first clerk of the Presbyterian Alliance, was taken from us. I can well remember the celebration of his 74th birthday when the cake with the 74 candles on it was placed upon the table. It was not long thereafter that he passed away from us. That devoted wife of his, Mrs. Atterbury, when they came to put flowers and black crepe upon the door, opened the door and taking the crepe away said: "It is not a sad occasion; there is to be no mourning for John Atterbury. John Atterbury has passed within the veil, to be forever with the Lord."

Then there was another, a patriarch, old Dr. Sprague. We had all these retired clergymen dwelling among us during the early years of my ministry here. Old Dr. Sprague used to call to see us, and was greatly attracted by our clock of the round pendulum. I thought my father-in-law, Mr. Jacob F. Beck, and Dr. Sprague would not take to one another—the one a successful business man opening up things before him and extending his business not only here, but as far away as Norway and opening a new branch in Christiania; but to my astonishment when these two old gentlemen met together, the way they shook each other's hands and drew toward one another was something that fairly astonished me. After that if Dr. Sprague made any address on any public occasion, and uttered any few words, Mr. Beck would read every word of it and tell me how splendid it was. So you cannot always tell how men are going to be affected toward each other.

Dr. Sprague went away to New England and I have no doubt that by now he has entered into the heavenly home. I remember one New Year's Day when he made a New Year's call upon me and in the sleigh were Rev. Dr. Sprague; Colonel Sprague, his son; Harry Sprague, his grandson; and the little Harry Sprague, his son. So four generations of Spragues came to wish us Happy New Year.

SOCIAL MANNERS AND LIFE

In the old days, that is to say the 70s, 80s, and 90s, it was customary for the ladies all over town to receive their gentlemen friends. Some times two or three co-operated and it was announced in the newspapers that Mrs. A, B and C would join together at Mrs. D's house in receiving their friends. Gentlemen went from house to house and I have heard young and middle aged men boasting that they had gone out at eleven o'clock and continued until nearly five, and had made thirty or forty calls on their friends. Mrs. James F. Joy was the first lady in town to banish wines from the New Year's reception tables, and her example was very speedily followed by the greater number of hostesses throughout the city.

Sometimes young men intruded into the finest houses in town where they were entirely unknown. They gave their cards to the maid or the butler at the door and went in, and though they may have felt that there was a certain icy coldness in their reception, they were never requested to leave. The ladies believed that courtesy should be extended even to what they called impertinence, on the New Year.

There was a very beautiful social life in Detroit in these years. Whenever a very distinguished individual arrived, some of those who had large and beautiful homes were ready to extend hospitality, and to give a party to their friends and neighbors, to meet their distinguished guests. Thus, for example, when President and Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes came to Detroit, they were entertained by Governor Baldwin and in the evening a large reception was held when everyone that was willing to go was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and the Presidential party.

Again when Matthew Arnold came here he was the guest of Governor and Mrs. Bagley, and they also invited all who were interested in literature to meet the distinguished guest. Again about the year 1890 Dean Farrar of Westminster came to the city. He was entertained and we were all invited to meet him at the Alger home.

A little while after there arrived a large political party, who were also entertained at the Alger home. Governor McKinley, he was then, General William Tecumseh Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Logan also received with Mr. and Mrs. Alger all comers. I remember an aunt of Mrs. Dickie, Mrs. Warmack of Gault was staying with us, and I said, "I am going to take you over to see a man who is likely to be President, Mr. McKinley; General Sherman is with him. I know that General Sherman divides ladies into kissable and un-kissable; all those who have beauty are not only kissable, but he kisses them; and I am sure that he will kiss you." She said, "Oh, that would be impossible." However, when we went around and reached General Sherman he at once performed his customary duty, as he did to all ladies who were good looking. I suppose 3,000 or 4,000 people at least passed through the house on that eventful evening.

Just a little while after this, toward the end of the Harrison administration, Mr. Don M. Dickinson brought Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland to Detroit, to boom him and groom him for the next election. He was received at the Dickinson home which was thrown open to all comers. That was in the month of April 1891 and the streets were full of mud. Thousands passed in to see Grover and the next day the policemen said that there were hundreds of odd galoshes left standing in the mud. The day following the reception, Cleveland with his runningmate, Hendricks, started for Port Huron by the White Star Line. The wind blew so fearfully that the waves on the lake St. Clair raised high and the whole party was so seasick that they long remembered the stormy passage they had had on Lake and River in Michigan.

Dean Farrar came to Detroit first when on a lecture tour. An old college friend of his, Rev. Mr. Ashby, invited the Dean to stop over, but the richer Episcopalians somehow or another disapproved of this arrangement and installed Dean Farrar in a statelier mansion. He was giving three different lectures: one on Napoleon, one on Dante, and one on Browning. I went to the first, which was given in Detroit, on Dante. I went

out to the second that was given at Ann Arbor thinking I would hear another, but I listened once more to Dante. I went to Chicago to hear another one, and when I was there I again heard that same lecture, so I had Dante well instilled into me from the viewpoint of the Dean.

Moreover, besides this, there were purely social gatherings that were extremely interesting. For example, there was a group of gentlemen who met together once a week to read Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosiani." That little circle included Mr. Bethune Duffield; Mr. Louis Allen; Dr. Morse Stuart; Mr. Elliott; Mr. E. T. Slocum; Mr. Charles Buncher; and Judges Jennison and Chambers, etc.

Another little circle of virtually the same gentlemen with a few additions were devoted Shakespearians; then there was a German Club where only German was spoken. It usually met at the home of Mrs. Heinemann on Woodward Avenue and Adelaide, and was composed of Otto Kirchner; Levi Barbour; Dr. and Mrs. Emerson; Willis Walker; William Akerman; Mrs. Dickie and myself.

Then there was a Circle Français, which met usually at the home of that cultured and highly remarkable woman, Mrs. Sarah Wight on Jefferson Avenue. In addition to this there was a Book Club formed of ladies who through their treasurer, purchased new books that were sent from house to house of the twenty-four different members. Members included Mrs. Louis Allen; Mrs. Ellen M. Moore; Mrs. Sullivan M. Cutcheon; Mrs. Hugh McMillan; Mrs. Williams and Miss Gibbs; Mrs. James F. Joy; Mrs. Brodie; Mrs. Alger; Mrs. Harris; Mrs. Rufus Clark; Mrs. John V. Moran; and Mrs. Blanchard; and Mrs. Dickie. This reading circle had a monthly social when the ladies invited their husbands. These were delightful occasions, at some home from eight to ten in the evening.

The refreshments were of the simplest kind but the conversation was on a high level. In those days there was also a sprinkling of officers from Fort Wayne at nearly every social gathering, especially at marriages. Very delightful were the

entertainments given on the occasions of marriages of Governor Alger's daughters; at the home of Mrs. Swift, when her nephew was married; at the home of the McMillans, and of the Newberrys.

There were three very noble young ladies in Detroit who all bore the name of Grace and were sometimes called the Three Graces. Each of them about the year 1881 had a ship baptized with her name. There was the Grace McMillan; the Grace Whitney; and the Grace Grummond. Of these three, Grace McMillan and Grace Grummond have both passed away, but Grace Whitney, now Mrs. Hoff of Paris, is a most devoted philanthropist and benefactor of the Young Women's Christian Association. She supports the Paris branch almost entirely and is extremely interested in young English-speaking girls who live and work in Paris.

There were some ladies among those whom I have mentioned in the social gatherings who were most cultured and intelligent and refined, without being what is usually called "blue stockings." Among them and above all, was Mrs. Hugh McMillan, perhaps the most cultured and refined woman in all Detroit.

Then there was Mrs. Sarah Wight, of whom I have already spoken; Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Edward Swift. These two were the most brilliant conversationalists among all the ladies and some people said that they were very prone sometimes to engage in monologues, but their monologues were extremely brilliant. They all spoke so rapidly that I have heard gentlemen say that they could puzzle the speediest shorthand writer amongst all the reporters in town. There was Mrs. Holden, the mother of Mr. Holden of the real estate; and there was Mrs. Dexter M. Ferry; there was Mrs. Bagley, a very learned woman, whose daughters inherited a large part of her interests in things literary. Mrs. Clara Avery stood out as a woman with a strong personality, with much culture and with a great appreciation and devotion to art.

EDUCATION AND ART

About the year 1882 a very important loan exhibition was held which proved to be very successful and netted quite an important sum of money towards the erection of the first Institute of Arts in town. There were many beautiful paintings. I remember a picture of Salome; and a picture of someone reading the Illiad, which was acquired by the vote of those attending the exhibition, and purchased for the Institute. There were several samples of Shreyer with the wonderful views of horses in action. There was one by Ziem of the "Garden of Venice" which I made up my mind to purchase and offered \$200 for it, which was the price, but it had already been sold and the purchaser, I am told, got \$4,000 for that same picture about a year ago.

William H. Brearley who was then on the Journal, was one of those who wrought with wonderful enthusiasm for the success of this undertaking. Mr. James E. Scripps of the *News* backed it up financially, spent a large sum of money. Instead of putting the money into the hands of a committee of experts, Mr. Scripps decided that he himself was sufficiently educated in art and in art values, to select the pictures himself. This was approved by some and highly disapproved of by others. That was the beginning of what is now the notable Institute. Let us rejoice in what we see today; let us rejoice in the success that has attended the efforts of those now interested, but let us not despise the day of small things, because these laid the foundation of all that we now behold and glory in.

It was my habit every year to go out to the Commencement at Ann Arbor. There I had the opportunity to hear some distinguished individuals. Amongst others I heard Charles Dudley Warner; Senator Bayard of Maryland; Mr. Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court at Washington; and above all, Andrew Dickson White, afterwards Ambassador at St. Petersburg and Berlin. These Commencement days in Ann Arbor were perhaps the hottest days of the year.

There were many notable professors in those days in the University. President Angell was a man of rare educational gifts, of broad general culture and of beautiful manners. The addresses usually lasted about an hour. I remember the address of Andrew Dickson White on Evolution or Revolution. It was a very learned discourse and disposition, remarkably brilliant, and full of that keen humor which distinguished Mr. White. I said to him afterwards, "You ought to feel greatly flattered that that vast audience should have remained seated from beginning to end of your eighty minute address, because I don't believe that one in fifty of them could hear what you were saying." After the addresses were over a select company would always be invited to the dinner that followed.

At the first one that I attended President Angell said, "I am going to call on you for a five minute speech." So I had my impromptu well prepared as advised by a famous after-dinner speaker. Immediately preceding me was Mr. Beal, a gentleman who was Congressman for the District, and proprietor of a newspaper in Ann Arbor. In his address he said that he remembered a Methodist minister who told him that he never prepared his sermons any further than that he gave out his text; then he said, "This text now divides itself into three heads," and then his mind had to work like lightning to discover what the three heads were. Immediately after he had sat down I was asked to rise up and my first sentence was that in the State of Michigan we were remarkably proud of three things, whereupon there arose a burst of intense laughter and cheering. Of course they all believed I had intended this, but I had not and had fallen accidentally into making a great hit. Every year after that I was called upon to speak because I had received a reputation for being a good speaker and humorist and had to sustain the character that I had accidentally made for myself.

It was a very great privilege to meet these distinguished gentlemen that came to the Commencement and to me it was a revelation to find that two of these Southern gentlemen, refined in every way to almost the last, should chew tobacco

and as one of them said, "If we cannot get anything else to spit on we must spit on the carpet." That was something that astounded me. I could not put that habit with the culture and the learning and the *sans peur et sans reproche*, side by side; and yet he who is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone. That is to say, the man who smokes has not any business to throw stones at the man who snuffs or chews tobacco.

I was greatly interested in looking at the hands of young people who graduated at Ann Arbor, young men and young women, and nothing struck me so forcibly as the great lack of physical development that was so conspicuous in the 80's and 90's. I hope now that in this era of athletics that the bodily frames of our youth have been greatly improved and strengthened and developed. It was very interesting to see how men and women students studied together, attended lectures together, engaged in out of door exercises together. That was a new thing to one who had been reared in a European University where such things had not as then begun to happen.

It was through the leadership of universities like Ann Arbor that the European universities opened their doors to ladies who had been graduated from high schools. London followed America and then some years afterwards France and Germany followed suit, and the great advantage was not only to the ladies who desired education but to these universities themselves. So we rejoice in the good example that Ann Arbor and other American universities set for the Old World.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY, *Lithuania*

One very important function that took place in Detroit was a meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly in the Fort Street Church when Dr. Radcliffe was Pastor. There were delegates to the Assembly from all parts of the Union—north and south, and east and west. There were two candidates for Moderator: Dr. Baker of Philadelphia on the one hand, and Dr. Charles Dickie, also of Philadelphia on the other.

The canvassing between supporters of these two was as keen as at any political assembly. I had charge of my friend, Dr. Baker's interest; and Dr. Dana from New York was very busy in the interests of my cousin and namesake, Dr. Charles A. Dickey.

It was reported in the newspapers that Dr. Dickey had gathered together on the cars between Philadelphia and Detroit a large number of supporters and that every man who boarded the train going to the General Assembly, layman or clergyman, was duly canvassed. It was evident that neither party could gain a majority, and that only ill feeling would accrue. Whereupon some of us held a meeting and determined that we would ask both candidates to withdraw in favor of Dr. Green, Professor of Hebrew in Princeton. Accordingly when the Assembly opened, Dr. Baker arose and proposed Dr. Green, and Dr. Charles Dickey followed suit by seconding, and thus Dr. Green was elected unanimously to that position.

There were many interesting gatherings; gatherings of committees; social functions; dinners and receptions and ardent discussions, for it was at this juncture that the Briggs controversy and the Briggs trial for heresy were rampant. Nowadays one could not realize the intense feeling and the bitterness of the controversy that raged between Princeton on the one hand and the adherents of Union Seminary, New York, of which Dr. Briggs was a professor. The most interesting figures who had part in the Assembly were President Paton on the one side, who was of course strongly in favor of Princeton theology; and Dr. Hastings of New York and Dr. Morris of Cincinnati. It was truly a battle of gigantic forces and men of vast ability. There were Preserved Smith and Dr. McKibbon; Dr. Van Dyke, Sr., and others. At our house Dr. Baker was a guest and to meet him we invited about twelve of his old friends or of his adherents in the Assembly to lunch, and as many to the evening dinner.

One day we made an appointment with Judge Breckenridge of St. Louis, a very eminent Southern Jurist. I was called

upon that day to attend a funeral and when I came back about five o'clock and attempted to enter Fort Street Church the doors were closed and I could not understand; I enquired and discovered that my good friend Judge Breckenridge had made a magnificent speech, but at its conclusion he suddenly fell to the ground dead. That gave a great shock to the Assembly and brought down upon it a drastic denunciation from some who thought that "God had marked out to the Assembly that such bitter theological controversy was not consistent with Christian charity and he had struck down the good Dr. Breckenridge as a warning to the Assembly to amend its ways and to stick to that charity, which is the greatest of all the graces."

I had been appointed by the committee that was in charge of the Assembly to see to it that everything that was proper was given to the press. In short I was to be press agent to the reporters who attended; no matter whether they were from Great Britain (as some of them were) or New York or Philadelphia or Detroit; so I did all that was in my power to further their interests and see that they were supplied with programs, and that they were instructed about the personalities of the various speakers in whom they were interested. One of them came to me one day and said: "My paper is blaming me; they say that the other papers are publishing humorous things of the Assembly, and that I have not sent them a single humorous story. I am not very gifted for humor and so please, if you see anything humorous, would you be so good as to call my attention to it;" and I said, "Yes, there is one now; this man passing you. There is a gentleman who had, as was the custom in the old days, a brilliant ribbon strip across the middle of the hat on the inside on which some lady had embroidered his initials; and here is another gentleman carrying one that has no space between the letters, but it simply reads CAD—the man proclaiming himself to all the world to be a cad." Good, that was splendid, and so away he went to the telegraph office to send the story. About half an hour later he came back and said, "I represent the New York

Sun, and I was just sending away the CAD story—I had signed my name and was giving it to one of the operators, when I suddenly remembered that the proprietor of my paper was Charles A. Dana, and that my cake was dough."

Then I remembered that Dr. McCook of Philadelphia happened to give a long address on Presbyterianism and the Symbolism of the different countries, and amongst other things he spoke about the burning bush and then about the lifting up of the serpent. After he sat down an old farmer from the West came up and was perfectly indignant about the story of the snake as he called it, being lifted up, and said that was no place for such stories: Said I, "Did you never read in your Bible about the burning bush and the serpent?" "No, nor did you." "Come, let us see whether we can find it—" "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so shall the Son of Man be lifted up." And he was an Elder of some church in Colorado!!! Then there was another delegate from some California Presbytery. He was such a devoted adherent to the Confession of Faith and the Shorter Catechism. By the way, he was Scotch, and he declared that he did not want even the dotting of an "i," or the crossing of a "t" to be altered, because these two great standard books were perfect. You see there was some intolerance, as well as, ignorance, amongst the Assembly members.

Amongst others, some very remarkable persons attended the Assembly. One of them was Dr. Parkhurst and along with him was Dr. Philip Schaff, who was mentioned among his friends as "Philip the Indefatigable," because he was constantly at work; even while he was at the Assembly he was working away on his great History of the Church. As he was living next door to me on Lafayette Avenue he came over constantly and gave me certain references to the Scotch theologians, and asked me if I would hunt up and identify in every case these extracts that he was seeking. Accordingly I labored earnestly and secured for him most of the passages, with reference to volumes and to pages and dates. "Now, as I am going away," he said, "there is just one request I am going

to make night after night and that is when I get to heaven that you may be permitted to come and live next door to me in the House of Many Mansions." When he went away he gave to me his book on St. Augustine, in memory of the happy evenings that we had spent together in the discussion of Church History.

Dr. Samuel J. Nichols of St. Louis, who had been Moderator of the Assembly in 1872, the youngest Moderator of Assembly that the church has had in two generations, was also a delegate and preached for us with great success in many of the churches. Then another notable was Elliott F. Sheppard, the son-in-law of old Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the family. He was a brilliant man; a devotedly religious man, but when the Good Lord was giving out good sense and tact, unfortunately Elliott Sheppard did not happen to be present and he made occasionally a very tactless slip. Yet he meant well, and was, as I have said, a very devout man. He was no judge of human nature; nor was he competent to discover what a man could and what a man could not do. He had some most exaggerated opinions of some men and was apt to depreciate others, and sometimes it carried him from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The Assembly had an excursion on a White Star Steamer to the Flats. The steamer was very crowded and we had opportunity to see one another and to discuss matters together, and had a very enjoyable time. Senator McMillan went with us and his brother Hugh McMillan; the Newberrys; the Algers, and all that were generally well-known in the Presbyterian Church. When we went up to the turning point where the vessel was to head down, she went aground and we were kept there about half an hour, and the number of remarks that were made about the matter were usually summed up in the fact that it was a good thing because Presbyterians needed to be well grounded.

On the next Saturday when the Assembly concluded, we were all invited by Senator McMillan to go out to Ann Arbor, because of the beginnings of the Theological Seminary that

Dr. Radcliffe, Dr. Baker and myself had established. Senator McMillan resolved to erect for us a suitable building in which our lectures should be held, and it should be called McMillan Hall.

Accordingly the whole Assembly was invited to go out, in order that the Moderator, Dr. Green, assisted by the ex-Moderator and some others, should dedicate the building. It was a building that was architecturally in good taste and that could accommodate a sufficient number of students. When we three went away and left Detroit, it passed into the hands of the Young Men's Christian Association, and I believe it is still employed in some religious work, by the Methodist Church.

EARLY LEADERS

There was, and I still believe there is, a society located not far from the House of Correction that met in the old Church of the Covenant every Thursday afternoon, called "The Helping Hand Society." It was, I believe, originally started by some ladies in the First Presbyterian Church, but gradually ladies from other churches, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, lent their assistance. The Society was designed to assist deserving foreign citizens. In the region round about there were numbers of Bohemians; of Germans; of Hungarians, and we designed to reach this class and to help them to help themselves.

The Ladies had, in my day, as President Miss Sylvia Allen. Associated with her were Mrs. Helen M. Moore; Mrs. Alfred Russell; Mrs. Sullivan M. Cutcheon; Mrs. George D. Baker; and Mrs. Dickie. I remember there was a Cutting Committee and a Committee of Finance, and a Devotional Committee.

There were ten or twelve classes which contained about ten to fifteen poor foreign women, who were instructed in sewing by the teacher who was appointed. They were very quick in learning and were very quick in understanding new American ways, because the ladies were very efficient as teach-

ers and very patient in dealing with them. At the close of its session, some clergyman (it was originally Dr. Baker, and afterwards when he resigned the honorary presidentship, I was elected his successor) was to speak every Thursday to that audience in the German tongue. I believe that this Helping Hand continues until this day but how many of the old associates still continue in the work I haven't been able to ascertain since my return.

When I first came to Detroit there were certain outstanding merchants who had originally come from the East or from central New York, and had become the persons who distributed goods that were necessary to the inhabitants of the state from the beginning onwards. In dry goods there were Zach Chandler; Allan Sheldon; Edson, Moore and Company; in other branches Baldwin, Bagley; and in others, McMillan; Sales; Wetherbee; Vernors; Williams, Clark, Farrand, Sheley, McGraws; Fyfe, Pingree, Smith. These all grew up with Michigan and prospered as Michigan prospered. There was also a larger German element who were interested in merchandise.

To speak of these old merchants; they were men of strong character; of pronounced integrity. Zach Chandler had attained to national recognition as a statesman; he would undoubtedly if he had been spared, have risen to the occupancy of the Presidential chair. He was a man of great ability; of strong political insight and was instrumental in saving the Union at the time when it was Tildon or Hayes, and when at last the question was decided by the Supreme Court, ruling eight to seven in favor of Hayes. Then there was Mr. Baldwin who was a very able man, modest and gentle.

Governor Bagley, as plain as he was pleasant, stood four square to every wind that blew and he was the most democratic of the three. Everybody knew John Bagley and everybody that wanted anything went to John Bagley. It is said that when he was a candidate for the Governorship, a farmer from the Thumb came into his office and said: "John Bagley, what do you want to be Governor for?" And he said, "Come away back here so nobody will hear you." At that time the

salary of Governor was \$1,000 a year if I remember rightly, and when they had come to a place where nobody could hear and see, John Bagley whispered, "My good friend, don't you tell anybody, but it is for the salary."

Then again another outstanding figure was Alanson Sheley. He would have stood out in any gathering; you would at once have fixed your gaze upon that strong face and that peculiar expression of countenance that was so characteristic of a man who was strong physically, strong mentally and strong spiritually. He was, along with his partner, Mr. Jacob S. Farrand, the chief supporter of the First Presbyterian Church. Like Governor Bagley he was as plain as he was pleasant. If he had anything to say to you he would say it, whether you liked it or disliked it; he had no patience with any man that did not believe his Bible through and through, and he was so long superintendent of Sunday School that if he suspected any man of having any inclination towards modern theology or views, he would at once say, "That man will never address my Sunday School," and that was the beginning and end of his decision. He had no time for such a man, this seemed peculiar to some of us because the old First Church had belonged to the new school of Presbyterianism and in my day it had come to be the most conservative of the Presbyterian Churches in the city.

Old Mayor Moffat the lumberman, was another political leader and figurehead. He was as vigorous as a man could be, had great shrewd sense and was determined to dominate wherever possible for him to succeed. Like old Mr. Sheley and Bagley, he hit out straight from the shoulder, and he not only could do that but he could implant it with a word much stronger than is consistent with what he used to say about a man that Mr. Sheley and he both abhorred, who would say, "Damn him, he doesn't believe his Bible," and that was the end of that man. He told me that whenever he could not sleep at night that it was his custom to say the shorter catechism beginning at the Chief End of Man. He said it was the best means of going to sleep he knew for he never yet had

got farther than to the Fourth Commandment before he would fall asleep.

One night I went to an auction of paintings in town, and found myself sitting down beside the old Mayor Moffat, who as his son-in-law said, knew a good deal more about horses than pictures, but he was attracted by some pictures of a Hollandish artist, as they very much resembled the high eleven and twelve story buildings in olden times at the Cannongate in Edinburgh. He interrupted the auctioneer and said: "I will give you \$100 if you can identify them as being in the Cannongate in Edinburgh." The auctioneer said they were from a state in Holland and that ended the matter for Mayor Moffat.

Mr. Jacob S. Farrand was a man who was gentle, easy to be entreated, with deep earnest piety, and business ability. He had great interest in every thing that related to the Church's extension and the well being of the community and he has left sons to follow in his steps.

Mr. Sheley had two sons-in-law, Mr. Lorenzo Clark, the banker, who had married Elizabeth Sheley. Mrs. Clark has the vigor and energy of her father; is keen and bright, as cheerful and witty and at the age of eighty-six she is as bright and as vigorous and as accurate in her reminiscences as she was in the old days when she was the famous social figure, with her husband here in Detroit. She lived on Woodward Avenue at the corner of Stimson Place and when you asked her father, old Mr. Sheley, "Where do you live?" he used to say: "Oh, I just live at my daughter Lizzie's back door." He had a great garden and house there. His other daughter was married to Mr. Brooks, the lawyer. Mr. Brooks was a most brilliant student in Yale in a class that was full of brilliance. It had had Andrew Dickson White and Bishop Thomas F. Davie amongst its members; yet Mr. Brooks in scholarship so surpassed them all that he was appointed valedictorian. He was an accurate and painstaking lawyer, but he never went into politics, where his fellow students said his talents would have shone and would have carried him perhaps to the Supreme Bench of the United States. He was an accurate, plod-

ding successful lawyer, but the promise of his student days he seemed not to have the ambition to fulfill.

Mr. Elisha Taylor of the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church was also a man of individual character. He counted himself to be old fashioned in his ways and he always wore a dress coat. Even from ten o'clock in the morning he was never without it. That was his dress. He was wonderfully active in the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church, and rich men like Senator McMillan, William K. Muir, John S. Newberry and the Russells were all content to follow his lead and always wished him to lead because they had confidence in his ability and in his judiciousness. Then there was another of the type of John Bagley and Mr. Moffat and that was Mr. William K. Muir.

Mr. Muir had been head of The Great Western Railway and was very successful as railway president and manager. He was, like Mayor Moffat, Scotch; and he was as straightforward as a Scotsman and as full of integrity and full of the fervid genius of the Scot, with not a little of the perseverance, or if you will, of the obstinacy of the Scot. He was a man who was approachable, able and untiring even unto the last. While suffering from a serious weakness, he went with his son-in-law, Harry Russell, away out to the Pacific Coast; and there on to China and Japan. Mr. Russell told me that he was so eager to get well that when he heard a Jap on the streets of Tokio holding up some remedy that he professed would save a man from death, or bring him almost from death, Harry Russell said, "To my astonishment Mr. Muir took a handful of that stuff and put it into his mouth without any question, hesitancy, or suspicion, so great was his purpose and desire to get well," but when he came back he sickened and we buried him as we buried so many others, before his time.

Of the leading figures in the Fort Street Church, none stood out more distinctly than the two brothers, Frederick Buhl and Christian Buhl. Frederick Buhl was an Elder of the church. He was a man of very practical ways and with fine judgment and devout piety. His brother Christian was a man of great

business ability who amassed a great fortune as a provider of hardware for a good part of the State of Michigan. I can see him yet—that tall figure with his dress suit—on the night of the marriage of his granddaughter Mary. Some one had taken away or misplaced his overcoat. It was not to be found and he stood there waiting for his carriage for about twenty minutes in an atmosphere cold as could be. He suffered; he was taken home, lay down on a sick bed; pneumonia set in and the marriage day of that beautifully lovely character, Mary Buhl, was the last time that we ever saw Christian Buhl until we carried him to his sepulchre, mourned with great mourning by the community in which he had so long dwelt.

In railway circles, there was, besides Mr. W. K. Muir, one who towered above them all, Mr. James F. Joy. He was without doubt the most learned layman in Michigan. He had a strong character; his very walk on the street had something characteristic about it, something that spoke of strength and dignity. I could conceive of no man ever taking liberties with James F. Joy. All his sons held him in the highest respect and they looked upon him as though he dwelt in a higher sphere than theirs—one to which they could not hope to attain. He was a man of great executive ability and no railway man in Michigan has ever approached him. Of his devotion to literature and learning there are many stories remaining. One is that one day a country farmer was sitting behind him on the train; the farmer noticed that he was reading something very peculiar, and said to him: "Sir, would you allow me to see the book you are reading?" Mr. Joy handed it to him. It was Homer in the Greek. He loved the classics and was as devoted to modern languages as he was to the ancient.

I remember, once he heard me speak about a new series of books in French that had been published, that related to Alsace and to the old wars that had been waged on behalf of Alsace and Lorraine. One afternoon he asked if I would lend him one called "The History of a Peasant of 1793." I took it

over. I went down to the office the next day at noon to see him and James, his oldest son, said to me "What did you do to father yesterday? What book did you give to him?" I told him and he said: "For the first time in twenty-five years father has not been down to the office at ten, he is so engrossed in that book; and would you believe that we have not seen him yet and we do not expect to see him until he has finished it." He had a magnificent memory. Of all the family he had more interest in books and reading—not the outside but he knew them inside—than any of them and was a man of the highest and noblest character. His sons who are still with us, have the greatest reverence for his memory.

In the Episcopal Church the outstanding figures were Mr. Trowbridge; Mr. Sidney T. Miller; Governor Baldwin; the Sibleys and the Watermans. Mr. Waterman, who gave large sums of money to pay off the debt on Grace Church; Mr. Edwin S. Barbour and Mr. George Barbour, were also strong Episcopalian pillars. Among the Bishops that we have had here whom I knew was Bishop Harris. Bishop Harris was by all odds the handsomest man in Michigan. He was a strong character; he was very forceful but the force was under control; he was a well balanced man; a man of excellent judgment; a man who had been a lawyer before he was a clergyman and who had been a Major in the Southern Confederate Army before he was a lawyer. So he had had a large experience behind him, and had been a very learned and successful preacher. After he came I learned to know him and to esteem him in love for his works' sake. We became great friends, so much so that he invited me to preach in St. Johns and to preach in St. Pauls and to preach in Trinity.

They tell a good story about him that we must not let pass. Once when he was on his holidays in the Upper Peninsula towards Fall, he was reading the morning prayer when suddenly an old woodsman with whom he happened to be staying said, "Bishop, Bishop, Bishop, get your gun." So the Bishop got his gun; went out and shot a deer, came in again, took up the prayer book when the old man said, "Ay, Bishop we can

do the prayers any time but we've got to take the deer when we have the chance." I remember where I was when I heard the news that he had been stricken in England in the midst of his sermon and that I should never see him again.

He had as his successor Bishop Thomas F. Davis, with whom I became just as deep in devotion and friendship as I had been to Bishop Harris. He used to come to see me often and if I happened not to be at home he knew my library so well that he would simply ask permission to go up and seat himself until I would come. We had many delightful evenings together. When I came back for the first time after I had been abroad in Germany, I had lunch with him when he said to me, "It was not very good for Episcopacy when you and Dr. Radcliffe were here in Detroit, but I would give a good deal if you were both back again." I have sweet memories of both these Godly, and I may say, Lordly Bishops.

DETROIT HOUSE OF CORRECTION

In the old days after Brockway, the head of the House of Correction went to Rochester, Captain Joseph Nicholson was appointed in his stead. Captain Nicholson was a bluff, strong character, who had been captain on a lake steamer and who had all the characteristics of a good old marine officer. He was very kind to the prisoners, took a great interest in their welfare; was a strict disciplinarian; would suffer no insubordination and used to tell me that when a man became perfectly unmanageable it was his custom to put him down into a darkened room that had written on it in large characters, "Cold reflection is good for the soul." If a day of darkness, or a week of darkness with bread and water was not enough, then he caused his guards to put the man into a cold bath and to put a mild current of electricity in contact with his hands. He said a very few minutes of this application led to the wildest outcries and a fervent promise that he would be obedient and willing provided the electric current were removed.

It was a sight worth seeing to behold the Captain as he presided, Sunday mornings at the service where all of the 700 prisoners, male and female, were before him. He would give out a hymn, some one at the piano would play and he would lead them in the singing. His eldest daughter was always ready to second his efforts and some one of the clergy of the city was always appointed to preach to these unfortunates. I remember the first time that I was present what a shock it gave me to look on these 700 faces that told their own story and that produced inexpressible sadness on the spectator. When you asked about some of the individuals you would find out that perhaps the most trusted man within the walls had been a murderer. He had done it in a moment of sudden temper and Captain Nicholson used to say that if you opened the doors that he would not go out; he had been so long in the House of Correction and to him it was home.

Some of the most debased faces were those of the women. A woman has further to fall than a man and therefore when she falls deeply the story is written upon her face and tells how she has been robbed, not only of her character, but of her beauty. There was a little band of men, as well as some ladies, who took great interest in the inmates. There were ladies who taught Bible classes. There was Mr. Wm. H. Strong of Strong, Lee and Company who spent every Sunday afternoon in his class of men. There was Mr. Charles Strelinger, who was just as much interested, and I was responsible for the appointment of a clergyman to conduct Sunday morning services.

At one time there was a great movement to have a chaplain appointed. Captain Nicholson was decidedly opposed to this; he said, "I will never be able to run the House of Correction, and I have run it very profitably to the city and state, if you appoint a chaplain. The prisoners through him will simply make my life exceedingly miserable and I would not continue at the head of the institution if I were not to be a kind of dictator."

Nevertheless someone in the Legislature brought in a bill for the appointment of a Chaplain to all the state institutions. Captain Nicholson came to me and to Mr. Wm. H. Strong and Mr. Strelinger, and asked us to express our opinion of whether the present system of spiritual service and Sunday School class was not quite sufficient, without a resident chaplain. We wrote letters and addressed them to Captain Nicholson. In two days we read in the *Free Press* that on the desk of every legislator at Lansing, typewritten copies of these three letters were laid. That was the beginning and the end of the question of a Chaplain to all the state penal institutions.

I remember Rev. Dr. McKay, the first Canadian missionary to Formosa, who came to Windsor and brought a Mandarin who was a convert with him. Dr. McKay asked me if I could obtain permission for him to bring the Mandarin over to see the House of Correction. I don't remember how I obtained permission, but I secured it, and brought the two, the missionary and the Mandarin up to the House of Correction; to the Mandarin it was a revelation to see the prisoners making chairs, and especially to see the machine that would take a top rail, pass it through its jaws, and send it out carved with roses. This was something that fairly entranced the Mandarin.

As Captain Nicholson was explaining some of the things, a prisoner who had been sick and was let out of the hospital passed by and Captain Nicholson put his hand on the prisoner's shoulder and said, "Are you all right again now, my good man?" The Mandarin said to me, "Is this the Captain of the prison who puts his hand upon the prisoner and speaks to him so kindly? Why," he said, "that would be unheard of in China." Afterwards we saw the men march to their midday meal. The odor was quite inviting and Captain Nicholson asked us to taste, and the Mandarin tasted and then he said: "If the House of Correction was in Peking instead of in Detroit, 9/10 of the inhabitants would be fighting to be allowed to go inside as prisoners." The treatment was so different

from Chinese theory and the practice of dealing with its criminal classes.

STATE AND CHURCH RELATIONSHIPS

There were some very interesting lawyers in Detroit in my day; some very stalwart and reliable men whose principal duty was to care for estates. Among these were two brothers, C. I. and E. C. Walker; one of them was a Congregational Deacon and the other a Presbyterian Elder. Both of them were very highly respected; both of them were eagerly sought after as administrators of the estates of deceased persons.

A most eloquent pleader at the Bar was John Atkinson. Also Elisha Fraser; while a very vigorous lawyer was James Pound. One who had been Chief Justice, Judge Campbell, was one of the most modest and able and learned lawyers that the State of Michigan ever has produced. He had the most beautiful manners of any man in Detroit, excepting Senator James McMillan. There was Otto Kirkner, a great outstanding figure, a lawyer who had had wonderful success. There was Sullivan M. Cutcheon, a man who was a very able pleader at the Bar and a sane and judicious advisor and councillor. The firm of Cutcheon and Stellwageon had a very high reputation and Mr. Augustus Stellwageon, since the death of Mr. Cutcheon, has sustained its reputation.

About the year 1891 there was a great agitation throughout Michigan to levy taxes upon all religious and charitable buildings and institutions. Every church in the state was to be taxed. There was a great outcry that the churches owned a vast amount of property on which no tax was paid, and that that was a great injustice to the community, especially to such people as did not believe in churches. The charitable institutions were also tax free.

The controversy waxed very high. The bill was put before the Legislature at Lansing and such bodies as the Congregationalist Union, the Episcopal Consistory, the Presbyterian Alliance, and the Methodist and Baptist Unions were

all up in arms, as were the Catholic Bishops. A deputation from these bodies was appointed, consisting of John Atkinson, Catholic; Mr. Henry M. Campbell, so lately deceased, for the Episcopalians; Rev. C. K. Henderson was to represent the Baptists and Methodists; while I was appointed for the Presbyterians. We went to Lansing and the Legislature decided that they would hear just three of us, and the three appointed were John Atkinson, C. R. Henderson and myself.

John Atkinson based his argument on the social injustice and hardship that would be done to the Catholic institutions of the Sisters of Charity and the care of orphan children. He made a beautiful speech in a voice that thrilled with suppressed tears and which made a great impression upon the Legislature. I followed him, pointing out that whenever they had an election they sent around men, and in the country the only places they could go that were large enough to hold meetings and address audiences was in the churches; that if they were going to tax church property, I was quite sure that all of the churches would put a high tax upon the use of the churches for election meetings. That seemed to go home to the hearts and bosoms and purses of the legislators.

Dr. Henderson followed and made a speech which embodied the same elements in the case of Protestant orphanages and old men's and old women's homes, and the sin that it would be to tax church members twice, as they would be taxed, not only for the support of their churches, but for paying the additional tax. That was the end of the bill for a generation at least, to tax churches and charities.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN DELEGATION

In the year 1890 Mr. William Eleroy Curtis of the *Chicago Tribune* made a visit to South America and interviewed the chief statesmen of the different South American Republics, for the purpose of inaugurating a movement to draw North and South America closer together. He went down to Mexico and from Mexico down through Peru, and Chili and Brazil

and Uruguay, etc., and by and by he received a promise from these men that they would come up to North America with him.

The leading statesmen and prime ministers from the South American Republics were to come to Washington and make a tour of the country to every large city where they were invited. Senator McMillan invited them and opened his home to his friends and his chief constituents to meet these South Americans and Mr. William E. Curtis.

Mr. William Eleroy Curtis was a very distinguished journalist, a man who had travelled the world over and had in his travels wonderful opportunities of collecting curios and objects of art, Oriental as well as European. It is said that he possessed a wonderful curtain that had been taken from a Buddhist Temple. Some good friends of his said that he had expended quite a large sum upon the keeper of the said temple, and had intimated to this keeper that it would be very agreeable for him to take out the curtain and to make it helpful in some propaganda for the Buddhist religion, and that this hinting of a propaganda had the desired effect; that it overcame the last obstacle to the carrying down of the said curtain to the railway station when William Curtis departed from Peking. This, however, was all a suggestion that was invented by a Detroit cousin of Mr. Curtis as the surmised explanation of the wonderful skill Mr. Curtis had in gathering together all sorts and conditions of curiosities from north and south and east and west.

Mr. Curtis had a wonderful faculty for meeting distinguished men of royal or scientific or industrial classes the wide world over. Once upon a time he was in a railway train in Italy. He was the sole occupant of the first class compartment. Suddenly a porter opened the door and said, "Sir, will you leave the coupe; the King of Greece is here." Mr. Curtis said: "I'll be very glad to see the King of Greece; tell him I will be happy to have him come in." The man replied, "It isn't usual for any man to be allowed to be in the compartment with the King." He said, "Never mind, never mind, tell

the King I will be happy to see him. I have paid for my first class passage and here I am, and here I am going to stay." So they argued for a while but the obstinancy of Mr. Curtis overcame them and so they brought the King of Greece. Mr. Curtis said, "Sir, Your Majesty, I am very glad to meet you; you are welcome." And by and by the two became as "chummy as two chips." So we do not wonder that Mr. Curtis was able to bring together these South American gentlemen and to take them from city to city.

It was very interesting to meet these South Americans. They were decidedly different and a different type from the Northern races. Alike but oh, how different! They were mostly of very dark hair of Spanish type; spoke English only with a very pronounced Spanish accent; they were very affable, and we had a good time with them. They were quite interested in seeing Detroit. I wonder how much more they would be interested if they could see the great industrial works of today, for even the great car works in which Senator McMillan and Mr. Newberry were interested was a very small affair compared to the Ford industries of today.

SHOPS, BANKS AND EDUCATION *public libraries*

In these old days the principal industry of Detroit was building cars. The great shops were away out Michigan Avenue. These were the McMillan and Newberry car shops. They employed, I suppose, about 1800 to 3000 men, and gave employment to a great many of the men in my congregation. There was a very Scotch element among them. Mr. James McGregor was the general manager. He had genius for the management of men. He was very silent but the moment that he would appear in sight of the men it was like magic. The increase of their activity was something marvellous. I don't wonder that he made the business so tremendously successful that he was able to found the Home Savings Bank, and to carry it to such a high standing that Mr. Wesson was delighted to have the Wayne County Savings Bank, of which he was

President, united with Mr. McGregor's. They were called the Wayne County and Home Savings Bank, under the judicious and able management of Mr. Julius Haas, and later the Wayne County People's Bank.

Mr. McGregor had chosen as his department foremen two brothers—Buick, and others like them. They were most intelligent and able in their guidance of the men under them. At one time I was offered a 1/50th of the stock. I was not in a financial condition to accept the offer but when the final selling out of the Newberry and McMillan stock was accomplished, when all the car shops, that of Newberry and McMillan and Colonel Hecker were amalgamated and the capital of the Newberry and McMillan was distributed, I asked Mr. Ledyard who had arranged the amalgamation, how much I would have been worth if I had been able to take up in 1883 the share of all stock I was offered, and he said, "I won't tell you, but you would never have needed to think about your bread and butter as long as you had lived."

There was a gentleman called Horace Hitchcock who was very much interested in the education of the masses and gave all kinds of popular lectures on various countries,—one on England, another on Scotland, another on France, another on Germany and Italy and so on. They were given for the most part in the Light Infantry Armory. They were illustrated by slides, which was all the illustrative material we had in those days because films had not as yet come into vogue. But the slides were excellent of their kind and the lecture preceded the pictures. The Light Infantry Armory was crowded to the doors. I remember often having noticed newsboys and their companions sitting aloft on the cross beams. The lectures were very successful; a very nominal sum was paid for entrance fee and the person who knew the most about the country which was to be pictured, was invited to lecture and usually responded to the invitation, because it was a great privilege to address such an audience.

I delivered the lecture on Scotland in the presence of a record attendance. The miscellaneous crowd was rather hard

to handle and they were very impatient until the slides were shown. Then they would have remained until midnight because pictures and the music with which they were accompanied were very attractive.

Then there was another great series of lectures that were instituted by the Rev. David Mack Cooper, the only millionaire minister in Detroit in those days. His father had left him a great fortune and he told me that he had almost daily to go to his lawyer and spend sometimes as much as four hours a day. I said to him, "Dr. Cooper, I wouldn't accept such a sum of money if it were such a burden and worry to me; but at the same time I regard as a great privilege and opportunity, the possession of ample means." Dr. Cooper was very devoted to his brethern in the Presbytery. If a new remarkable book on theology was issued and he became interested in it, he made up his mind that the other members of the Presbytery should have copies, which he presented to them.

Dr. Cooper was also extremely hospitable. Whenever Presbytery met in Detroit he gave a lunch and a dinner to all the members; those who were in the city, as well as those who were in the country. I remember once that he put the catering for the Presbytery lunch into the hands of Andrew Hair, who is so lately deceased. Mr. Hair, as the first course, served boullion in cups. Some of the old Elders from the country thinking it was tea, put sugar and cream into it and Mrs. Dickie and Mrs. Radcliffe who were assisting Mrs. Cooper in entertaining the Presbytery, happening to see it, were afforded a lot of amusement, although neither they nor any of us blamed the old fellows for making such a mistake.

When Dr. Cooper built the Memorial Church and became its first Pastor he resolved that he would have beautiful windows representing Presbyterianism in the different countries. He had a German window; a Scotch window; a Swiss window; a Hollandish window; French Huguenot window, etc.

But to return to the lectures. Chancellor McCracken of the University of New York gave the one on Switzerland and Calvin and it was a magnificent effort. Dr. Ambrose Wight of

Bay City gave Holland. Dr. Dana of Philadelphia gave one on Ireland, and as he and Sir John Lubbock were the two greatest authorities in the world on ants, he stayed over and gave us a beautiful lecture on ants. In addition, Leonard Bacon of Yale gave a lecture on his grandfather, Rev. David Bacon, who was one of the first missionaries to Michigan, and some one, whose name I have forgotten, gave a lecture on Noah M. Wells, who was the first installed Pastor of the First Protestant Society. John Monteith was the first Pastor and Noah M. Wells was his successor. That lecture was a history of the beginning of Protestantism in Detroit, and in connection with this, it appeared that the first teacher of English in Detroit was a namesake of mine, away back in the year 1812. Dr. Cooper published all these lectures and he himself afterwards continued a course on the Heroes and Martyrs of the Huguenot Era in France.

NEWSPAPERS

When I came first to Detroit there were to be found here the *Free Press* and *Tribune*, both were morning newspapers; the *News* had started as an afternoon paper in 1873. The *Free Press* was a six day paper, which omitted the Monday issue, as did the *Tribune*; also the *News* in those days, so far as I remember, had no Sunday issue. Some of the things in these American papers seemed very peculiar and amusing—more so than the English and Canadian papers that I had been in the habit of reading. On the first Moving Day, which was the first of May, one of the papers had an article on moving in which this amusing paragraph occurred: "Are the men who move us in cahoots with the furniture dealers, since they so often play the devil with our household goods." That struck me as wonderfully clever, but a little bit wicked, amusing as it was.

The two morning papers were very dignified, and they were so careful as to what they printed that we used to say you could always put the papers on the table and let your children

read them. The *News* was a four page little sheet in old days, bright and enterprising. There were more sensational articles in it that attracted attention, than in the others, and it increased in circulation by leaps and bounds. It is said that once when Mr. James E. Scripps had been abroad in Europe, leaving Mike Dee as we called him, managing director, that Mr. Scripps found fault with the tendency towards sensationalism that his paper had developed during his absence and Mr. Dee said: "All right, Mr. Scripps, but look here. When you went away the circulation was so many thousands; and look how it has more than doubled." It is said that Mr. Scripps did as little as possible to curb the tendency that was making his paper profitable.

I was greatly amused also by the name of another newspaper though it was not published in Detroit. The first morning I was in the Russell House I took up a paper and it seemed a strange name to me—*The Michigander*. I asked Mr. Whitbeck or Chittenden, I forget which, whether they had another paper called *The Michigoose*. I met a Michigan editor from Rochester the other day and I asked him if that paper was still in existence, and he said he believed it was. To a stranger it seemed a very strange title, although to one who lives in Michigan it is very natural that their paper should be called the *Michigander*.

By and by four young newspaper men started a paper called the *Detroit Times*. Mr. Charles Moore, who still is active, was its chief editor. It was an admirable paper. It issued seven copies a week, and had a great deal of literary merit. It was not at all sensational. It was very dignified but men said about it that it was dignified and dull. I asked "Why do you call it dull?" "Well because they won't print anything that is at all sensational," and accordingly in about a year and a half the paper died a natural death.

Then about the year 1882 the *Journal* was begun. It absorbed some of the writers of the *Times*. It had Mr. William H. Brearley as its manager and it had Thomas W. Palmer as its financial support; and Mr. Livingstone as a link

of connection between Senator Palmer and the *Journal*. It continued in existence until about the middle of the War when it was absorbed by the *Detroit News*, and has been succeeded by the *Detroit Times*, whose leading article called "Today" is always interesting, whether you agree with Mr. Brisbane or not. The foreign editorials of the *Free Press* are able and interesting and the foreign correspondent is a marked feature of the *Detroit News* today. The editorials of the *Free Press* are able, sane and well balanced. These papers have all greatly increased and kept pace with the growth of a great city.

FOREIGN TRAVEL

Detroiters, in the days when I came to it, and in the years of my residence here, were as they are today, very much devoted to Detroit, but there were more Detroiters who went abroad every year in proportion to the size of the city than in any except New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. When I travelled abroad in the 80's and 90's, you were constantly running across Detroiters, and it is the same today. Last year when I sailed for Europe, there were ten Detroiters aboard. The habit of travel has grown with the years.

When I first came to Detroit and began my regular visits to Europe, the trip was not quite so common as it is today and I remember of a number of people stopping me on the street and saying, "I wonder you would go travelling as it is a dangerous trip and you will be drowned some day." I remember one very wonderful colored Baptist clergyman, Rev. Mr. Wills, said to me, "Dr. Dickie I hear you are going to go to Europe. Don't you do it;" said he: "You know if an accident happens on land there you am; but if it happens at sea, where am you?" And so I said, "Well, just in God's good care as I am on land;" and he said, "Well, yes, yes; and so you are going." And I said, "Yes, I am going," and I went.

Whilst I was preaching on the Sunday afternoons in Grosse Pointe Protestant Church in the years 1884 and 1885,

Mr. James McMillan, before he was Senator, took his family for a whole year to Europe. Mr. W. K. Muir, who was a splendid maker of round robins, made one for Mr. McMillan and made us all sign it. At that time Mr. Josiah Begole was Governor of Michigan and in the time of the great fire in the Thumb he wrote up to the Committee that was soliciting funds to help the poor people who had been burned out, and he ended his letter to the committee saying: "If you need money draw on me." So Mr. Muir put at the end of the address to Mr. McMillan which we all signed, "Senator, if in Paris you become strapped and have need of money, in the immortal words of Governor Begole, 'Draw on me.'" Appended to this round robin was a little poem from D. Bethune Duffield, one verse of which runs like this:

"To Mr. James McMillan:

Lake Terrace Hall, where thou dost dwell,
Is splendid as man's home should be;
Your heart would find it hard to tell
Why you should leave and cross the sea."

I spent many evenings with General and Mrs. Alger, and I greatly delighted in looking upon the pictures which he possessed. He had quite a fine Schreyers, and then some of Jerome's Lions, and above all, the Munkaczy Death of Mozart that has been given to the Detroit Institute of Arts in memory of General Alger. We travelled together at one time in Germany and we took delight in going together to visit the Berlin picture gallery. It was at the time when the new museum in Berlin was hardly completed, and although most of the pictures from the other galleries had been removed to the Emperor Frederick Museum, visitors were not as yet admitted. As there were certain pictures that General Alger was very anxious to see, I was happy to be able to obtain permission for us to visit the gallery. General Alger was then in his 70th year but he would climb the stairs three at a time and though Mrs. Alger and I remonstrated with him that he should rest,

he said, "No I can rest at the top," so up he went and revelled in seeing the pictures.

I had the Petoska, which was kept under cover, brought out for his inspection and he was greatly interested in the Rembrandts and many of the Dutch pictures. One picture showed the plucking of a goose. General Alger said to me, "Did you ever pluck a goose?" I said "No." "Well," said General Alger, "I have. I was left quite young an orphan and I was sent to serve a farmer and I have plucked many a goose. I had then \$2 a month for wages and missed a day once and he deducted fifty cents. I am proud to say that I have made my own way in the world."

I remember that when Mr. James G. Blaine was in Detroit, he told me that he had been in London and that the Prince of Wales had said, "Mr. Blaine, I understand that you are a typical American—self-made." Whereupon Mr. Blaine said, "General Alger, come here. Your Royal Highness, this is a self-made man. I present to you a splendid example of that best product of American life."

General and Mrs. Alger and Mrs. Dickie and myself travelled together for about a week in Germany. One day I happened to be about three minutes behind the time that we had appointed for meeting, whereupon he said to me, "Dickie, you are becoming demoralized! You used to be very punctual, and it seems to me that travel is going to undo the attendance to that punctuality which is the politeness of kings and true Americans."

Mr. Alger, notwithstanding his years, stood as straight as a pine tree. He was lithe and full of energy and had a certain over-flow of good spirits that was contagious, but he could also flare up with righteous indignation and could also be melted to tears in hours of bitter sorrow, such as the day when his youngest child, Allan Sheldon Alger, was taken from him. When we left Detroit in 1894 both the Algers and the Sheldons entertained us with beautiful farewell dinners.

THE THOMPSON HOME FOUNDED

An outstanding figure in Detroit was Mrs. David Thompson. She had passed her three score years and ten. She was a very beautiful old lady. She had a strong will and was a notable character. Everything about her must be in perfect order. Her husband had died before I came to Detroit but I heard much not only about him, but about her former history. She was of somewhat humble origin but had acquired education and culture, although even to the last there were little outcroppings of the past when she was less dowered with riches and less cultured. She was, like most people who have suddenly risen from poverty to wealth, extremely thrifty. Although on one hand she would make large expenditures, she would atone for it by being extremely saving. I remember that she was in the habit when she was taken sick of abstaining from having the doctor visit her until she had finished the remainder of the medicine that had been given to her when she was sick before. When that was finished, and not before, she would call in a physician.

Mrs. Thompson had a custom, and was very proud of it, of gathering together a notable company every New Year's Day. She would send to London for her niece, who was to inherit her riches. This niece was married to Colonel Lees of London, Ontario, and they would receive with her. I remember in successive years she had Bishop Harris, and after his death, Bishop Davies, Dr. and Mrs. Radcliffe, Mr. E. C. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gillette, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Buncher, Mrs. Dickie and myself, etc. It was a nine or ten course dinner that was served and she was very animated and happy in gathering so goodly a company round about her.

Her husband had in his will advised her to use a certain part of his wealth in founding a home for old decrepit gentlewomen. I remember she tried to get Mr. John S. Newberry to take part with her in building this home but he refused to do so. "Mrs. Thompson," he said, "Your husband intended you to build that home and we will not give you a penny. Detroit

expects you to carry out the wish of your husband," and accordingly she carried it out. She was extremely shrewd in judging people's characters and when anyone applied for admission to the Thompson Home she would not only see what credentials and certificates they could produce but also look at them and judge them.

I remember she told me that she was very dubious about admitting a certain person who had very dark eyes and was a little hunchbacked. She said: "Dark eyed hunch-backs are greatly to be avoided." However, when that person died fifteen years later she said, "She was the mildest, gentlest creature that ever was in my home."

I remember once she was very sick, I happened to be at a funeral in the same car with Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Gillette, both of whom were very much interested in her and I said: "I am very much afraid for Mrs. Thompson." They said: "Do not be troubled, Dr. Dickie, she will see you and me both out. Haven't you an old Scotch proverb that says 'It is a long time before a certain personage dies.' She has a marvelous constitution." And so it happened that she had a long life.

LECTURERS, POETS AND PAINTERS

In the year 1879 Dr. Pierson and I were appointed to conduct out-of-door services at the corner of Third and Pitcher (now Stimson) then called "Jones' Grove." It was indeed a very beautiful place. People nowadays hardly believe that it was at the utter boundary of the residence section. We had a platform built and Dr. Pierson and I joined together in preaching alternately, but helping each other continually in the conduct of these services. Mr. Christian Henry Haberkorn, Sr., greatly assisted us in procuring musicians to help in the conducting of these meetings. He was acquainted with all the foreign musicians in town. He knew where a man with a cornet could be secured and we relied on him and he never failed us. The crowd gathered together under the trees in that beautiful spot and we continued the whole summer through.

It was this series of meetings that did much to bring about the great series of meetings that were conducted for months by Dr. Pentacost in the Fort Street Presbyterian Church.

We had here in Detroit, Mr. Lewis Allen, a great Shakespearian scholar. He was a very modest man in spite of his literary taste, and when he died he requested that no sermon should be preached concerning him but that he was quite willing that some few words expressive of his character and taste be culled from his favorite author—William Shakespeare. The funeral service was entrusted to my care and I gathered together appropriate extracts beginning with the words, "Neglecting worldly ends all dedicated to closeness and the bettering of my mind, my library was dukedom large enough," and then closed with "Good-night, good-night" and "Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest." It was much commented upon in the daily newspapers and went not only over the whole of America but found a place in the British and Continental newspapers and magazines. It found a special acceptance and welcome by the German Shakespearean Society at the 1893 conference in Weimar.

We had in Detroit some very eloquent men among the lawyers. Besides John Atkinson, of whom I have already spoken, there was Sullivan M. Cutcheon, who was in great request for addresses on moral and religious movements. I remember once when he was speaking on a Saturday in April when by some queer slip of the tongue he spoke of "This beautiful sunshine Sabbath morning." People standing near me said, "Is Cutcheon a Jew that he calls this day Sabbath?" There was also Henry M. Cheever, an elder in the Westminster Church, who was a man of great eloquence but unfortunately rather unskilled in the art of amassing a competence. There was also Colonel Larned who was a lineal descendant of that most eloquent of Southern orators, Sylvester Larned, whose name he bore.

Besides Bethune Duffield, whose poetic gifts were noteworthy, we had here a genuine Scottish poet, old Andrew Wanless. Wanless was quite a character. He had a book

store not far from Woodward Avenue and it was a gathering place for those who were interested in old and new books and in some Detroit projects. A good many things were discussed in old Wanless' store. He was a great authority on everything Scotch. Perhaps he knew more old Scottish customs and old Scottish legends and old Scottish songs than any man in Michigan. He had also a skillful pen and his prose was very much to be commended but he prided himself above all on his poetical gifts. He was not valued by his contemporaries as he should have been, but since his death his reputation has grown; anyone who reads his old lyrics and legends, his old tales and sketches, will have found enjoyment and will be greatly rewarded for taking up the old-fashioned books. In no other magazine or book have I ever known the famous Scotch children's drama entitled "Galatians" to be in print, but in one of his books old Andrew gives us the whole text of that famous childhood's tragic play. Then he gathered up all that was traditional concerning "Hogmanay," one verse of which is here.

"Here we come, the Guizards, the Guizards, to wish you
Happy New Year;
If you give us a penny, we'll sing you a bonny song;
But if you give us sixpence, we'll sing you twenty-one."

In those days the children were supposed to go from door to door and as it always used to snow a little on the last day of the year, the children would look up at the sky and cry, "Old wife, shake your feathers but do not think that we are beggars. We are happy children out to pay, for to ask our Hogmanay." Then they would say: "Give us our Hogmanay, or we'll sit on your door all day." It was in calling back to remembrance the children's plays and games that old Andrew Wanless found his greatest delight and what he called his "service to his fellowmen."

Of the newspaper writers, Colonel Wilkins of the *Free Press* had the most beautiful style. He was a most able and eloquent writer. A series of articles which was published on his visit

to "Oberammergau and the Passion Play" attracted the widest attention, and did much to interest Americans in that old historic Scriptural play. He furnished us not only a beautiful account of the progress of the play from its opening—the Entry into Jerusalem to its closing—the Resurrection, but he gave us sketches of the characters, especially of Joseph Mayer, the greatest Christus of them all. He was assigned rooms in Joseph Mayer's house, came into close contact with him, estimated his character admirably, and wrote about him most sympathetically and with high appreciation of Mayer's wonderful dramatic character. Literature of a high order, but of an entirely different kind appeared at that time also in the *Free Press*.

The weekly sketches of the Lime Kiln Club with its characters of "Brother" Gardner and "Giveadam" Jones were extraordinarily remarkable. There were also the writings of M. Quad, as he called himself; his real name was Lewis; he had a great fund of wit. He understood the darkies to perfection. He had insight into their spirituality and rarely have I seen as beautiful a sermon on "Trust in Providence" as appeared in one of his articles one or two weeks after Robert Ingersoll had been here. The little sermon of "Brother" Gardner rang out like music. One could hardly read it without tears coming into one's eyes, it was so pure and so pathetic.

We had many painters in Detroit in my time. We have had Ives, the old original artistic family of Detroit; and then Robert Hopkin and Gary Melchers, who has given us so many pictures of the natives of Holland and many admirable pictures of our fellow-townsmen; and then we had Leon Dabo, and also Julius Rolshoven. One is glad to see by the recent American exhibition in the Detroit Institute of Arts that Detroit's sense of art and Michigan's ability to paint portraits, landscapes and still life is gathering in force and in love of beauty and excellence of portrayal, and that the future will undoubtedly surpass the days of old.

The most picturesque Senator we have had was Senator Palmer. The senator was also in diplomatic service and was

Thomas

Hint
U.S. Senator from West

ambassador to Spain. On his return he was appointed Chairman of the Committee to carry out the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. He managed the committee with a great deal of ability, with a great deal of energy and with a great deal of diplomatic tact. I remember having received from him an invitation to the opening of the Exposition and a week after I received for Mrs. Dickie and myself an invitation to the ball that was to be held in Chicago to celebrate the successful opening. I confess that I was just a little shocked to think that Senator Palmer should have invited a clergyman and his wife to the public ball, but after the years I have lived abroad and seen some of the most devoted religious leaders accepting invitations to European Court Balls, I have out-lived the delicate feeling that I had when Palmer was graciously pleased to invite us. Eugene Field was among those who were invited and who was present. He greatly enjoyed the ball and wrote a very clever and able poem about "Tom Palmer's Light Fantastic Toe." It was as follows:

My Name is Cyrus Barker, and I am a lumberman—
I own the biggest shingle mill in northern Michigan;
Last week sez I unto my hands; "We'll shut up shop awhile
'And go down to the city for to celebrate in style.
For Christopher Columbus, we do not care a cuss;
But old Tom Palmer will be there and that's good enough for us!
So hump yourselves and off unto Chicago let us go,
To see our friend Tom Palmer trip the light fantastic toe.

A million Michiganders (male and female) do I meet
A hangin' round the taverns or a trudgin' up the street;
From Manistee, Muskegon, Flint and Dollar Bay they come;
Cheboygan, Grand Rapids, Disco, Charlevoix and Lum;
From Mullikin, Petoskey, Bruce's Crossing, Jackson, Yale,
Detroit, Ypsilanti, Mullet Lake and Cherry Vale;
In fact, from both peninsulas there is a steady flow
Of folk to see Tom Palmer trip the light fantastic toe.

Now you must know that Tom's beloved by each and everyone
For though he is our Uncle Tom, he is our favorite son;
His massive dome of thought is full of brains as it can hold,
His heart is full of kindness as his wallet is of gold;

His figger is commanding, and he has a handsome face,
 His voice is so persuasive, and he moves with such a grace
 That, when it comes to women, he alone is comme il faut—
 Especially at tripping the light fantastic toe!

So, when we heern about this Ball you're goin' to give tonight
 Sez we: "We cannot well afford to miss that gorgeous sight!"
 We know that he is fortified in spirit and in limb
 And is aware that Michigan has set her eyes on him;
 And though he may not do as well as at our huskin' bees,
 We're confident that what he does will somewhat more than please.
 And from that vast assemblage will uprise a raptuous "Oh!"
 When it beholds Tom Palmer trip the light fantastic toe.

In city dance and country dance he's equally au fait,
 At pigeon wing, and pirouette how brisk his pedals play!
 And having sojourned in the land from which Columbus came
 He dances Spanish quite as well as most folks walk the same!
 So when they put their plain quadrilles and waltzes on tonight
 How will the women folks concede that Tom is "out of sight"?
 And what an envious gloom will shroud each city dude and beau
 When he observes Tom Palmer trip the light fantastic toe!

For when Tom Palmer dances, he dances through and through;
 Upon his kindly features spreads a terra cotta hue.
 His eyes emit electric sparks, his bosom wildly heaves
 As though salutatory sinousities he weaves;
 His nether limbs coincidently execute such leaps
 And oscillations as imply they are wound up for keeps—
 Oh, you can bet your bottom dollar there ain't nothing slow
 About Tom Palmer when he trips the light fantastic toe!

Leastwise he's danced into our hearts and there he is to stay—
 That's why we Michiganders are your honored guests today!
 From Three Oaks, Huron, Watrousville, Ionia and Dundee,
 From Raisin Center, Zion, Wequeton-Sing, Willawee;
 From Paw Paw, Hartland, Pipestone, Trufant, Shiloh, Olivet,
 From Pigeon, Niles, Otsego, Sand Hill, Pontiac, Marquette—
 From every deestrick where the peaches, slabs and shingles grow
 We've come to see Tom Palmer trip the light fantastic toe.

(Eugene Field in *Chicago News-Record*.)

EMINENT LAWYERS AND SCHOLARS

There were men of eminence amongst the Judges. There were Judges Jennison, Chambers, Brown, Swan, and the ablest of them all, J. Logan Chipman. Judge Brown and Alfred Russell were both candidates for the Supreme Court at Washington. Friends of each of them were as busy as bees in promoting their respective interests. Both of them belonged to old Detroit legal families; both of them were very learned in the law; both of them had eminent social positions. Judge Brown was especially learned in matters that pertained to what are called "admiralty cases," and the newspapers throughout the country began to cry out that it was eminently necessary that some one should be appointed who was an authority on legal matters of concern to ships and shipping.

This pointed to a desire that Mr. Brown should be appointed. Accordingly the President nominated him and he was confirmed as a member of the Supreme Court at Washington. Afterwards I remarked to President Grover Cleveland that the Supreme Court in my recollection had been like Joseph's Coat of many colors. There was a Black; there was a Gray; there was a White; and now there was a Brown.

J. Logan Chipman was a man of vast legal erudition and of great moral principles. I once saw a man trying to urge him to antedate a legal contract. There was nothing at all wrong in the suggestion that the contract should be dated a few days earlier, but the Judge was as firm as a rock. He would only date the day that he executed the deed. The Judge by his talents would undoubtedly have been promoted to the Supreme Court long before my day but unfortunately he had a little failing. One day he came into the street car and though it was rather difficult for him to walk the three steps from the door of the car to where I was sitting, he came and sat close beside me. It was a Sunday afternoon and he said to me: "Dr. Dickie, did you warn poor sinners this morning with all the righteous zeal of an old Hebrew prophet? Did you warn them and exhort them and entreat them?" I said, "I tried to do the best I

could." And he said: "Because if you did not, and do not do so, the blood of poor sinners like me and others is going to be required at your hands." Poor Logan Chipman, with the best sentiments in all the world, and with all the amiability that you could desire, was unfortunately hindered by a weakness which he could not resist.

The book store which also housed the Methodist Christian Advocate was quite a meeting place for those who loved books. Almost every afternoon in the week about five o'clock you could have seen Dr. Gilbert, Rabbi Grossman and myself, with maybe Dr. Cooper, engaged in discussions of the new books of the day. Dr. Gilbert was as widely read in literature as any doctor who was then in Detroit. He lived next door to the Central Methodist Church parsonage on Adams Avenue and was a man of refined manners as well as high intellect.

Rabbi Grossman had an intellect that was as keen as could be. His rapidity of speech, his self confidence, his ready judgment made me think of the celebrated Robertson Smith, the great Hebrew scholar. Professor Blackie, the noted professor of Greek once said to me about Robertson Smith: "He is as sharp as a needle, as nimble as a monkey, and chatters like a jack-daw, but I have never heard such chatter from human lips." So Rabbi Grossman's utterances were as keen and bright and came from his brain as in a torrent. Later he became a professor in the Theological School at Cincinnati. I have always had a warm place in my heart for my good friend Rabbi Grossman.

I had many other friends amongst the clergy of the olden time. There was Dr. Bayliss of the Central Methodist Church, who could be characterized as resembling an English bull-dog in his strength and perseverance. He took hold, and he held fast. He was an eloquent preacher and administrative organizer, and but for his untimely death, no doubt would have been made a Bishop.

His successor, Dr. Ramsey, was a man who was of an entirely different mold. He was gentle and kindly and eloquent but his eloquence was of an entirely different order from

the masculine and strong argumentative style of Dr. Bayliss. Dr. Bayliss had the determination of the bull-dog Englishman, but his heart was as tender and affectionate as the heart of a little child. Dr. Ramsey, on the other hand, was a man that you could not conceive of as entering into any controversy. He would entreat, he would say "come," but he would never say "go." He was the impersonation of a very gentle perfect knight. In one of the other churches we had Dr. William Dawe, a man who was an excellent pastor and one who persevered in well doing and a man of gentle and refined character. Strangely enough, I met him once on July 4, 1882, on the top of Mt. Vesuvius amid the sulphurous fumes of that volcanic mountain. God gave him a long life for he was only lately carried to his last resting place in Dearborn after he had served his generation in Michigan.

There was also in the Jefferson Avenue Methodist Church, R. S. Pardington, an excellent man, a good preacher, a man with a well balanced mind willing to speak out on every moral topic. He did good work in the Jefferson Avenue Church and afterwards he did admirable work in Brooklyn and has left behind him some who have great preaching talent.

In the Baptist Church there was, in addition to Dr. Hammond, Dr. Grinnell of the First Church, a vigorous and active administrator and a good gospel preacher. Then there was that aggressive and vigorous preacher in the Baptist Church on Eighteenth Street, Frank B. Cressy, a man who had been very vigorous as a preacher and then turned to journalism and then returned to active duties in the ministry again, no more in Michigan but in Massachusetts. Frank was a strong character and a vigorous controversialist, but however hard he would fight his adversary in argument, he was ready to be friends when the argument came to a natural end.

When Dr. Eddy retired from the pastorate of the First Congregational Church, he was succeeded by the Rev. William H. Davis. Dr. Davis was very much unlike Dr. Eddy. He was a man of sweetness and light and he ingratiated himself with his

flock and with the community, and was very highly regarded as a Christian gentleman.

In the Second Congregational Church the Rev. Moses Smith did a splendid work. He carried the church successfully out of debt and enlarged the influence of the church. He was very ably assisted by Mrs. Smith, who was a woman of strong character and was as able to carry on the woman's form of church work as her husband was to carry on the pastoral services. Dr. Smith in his old age lost his sight but he bore his cross with the heroic gentleness of a devoted servant of the Master.

In St. John's Episcopal Church, Dr. George Worthington was pastor. He was a bachelor and it is said that the ladies of his congregation presented him with so many slippers that he had cards attached to the slippers with the names of those presenting them. When a card was sent up and he came down stairs, he had on the slippers which his lady caller had made for him. This is a little bit of newspaper gossip that appeared in his bachelor days in Detroit. He was a very vigorous administrator and a beloved pastor in St. Johns.

His successor, Dr. Blanchard, was also a very able and popular man. I had a great regard for him. We were kindred spirits, and he was held in high esteem by his flock. He was called to what is known as the George W. Childs Church in Philadelphia and was nearly elected Bishop of Ohio, but death claimed him ere one-half of his course seemed to us accomplished.

In Christ Church my great friend was Dr. Chauncey Brewster, who is now Bishop of Connecticut. His successor, Dr. Joseph Johnson was a devoted friend of mine, and I had a great admiration for him. He was afterwards Bishop of Southern California. We dined with him on Easter Monday, 1917, and had a delightful exchange of reminiscences of the old days in Detroit.

In the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church when I came, Dr. Mason was pastor and Mrs. Mason was a very active church worker. Dr. Mason was a typical New Englander. His ser-

mons were very well prepared and read with great simplicity and elegance. He had the greatest musical talent that any clergyman has had in this generation in Detroit. His talents were far above the ordinary and I am sure if he had devoted himself to music that he would have attained great eminence.

His successor was Dr. Williamson who is now successfully practicing law in New York. To him succeeded Dr. Plunkett, scion of the famous Irish Plunkett family that had settled in the Southern states of America. Plunkett had all the eloquence of the famous family and attracted many auditors to the Jefferson Avenue Church. But his heart was in the South; from the South he came and to the South he returned. He was a very delightful and amiable gentleman, entirely Southern in his ways and with all the generosity of the South. After his departure the Jefferson Avenue Church called Dr. Carson, who until he died, had a very successful ministry. He was eloquent, had all the fervor of a Methodist and the shrewdness of one who had been trained in business.

A very amusing story is told about one of his pulpit announcements. It happened in the early nineties that Mayor Hazen Pingree had started what he called "potato patches." That is, he had obtained from their owners permission for poor families to plant potatoes on vacant lots throughout the city and these were called "Pingree's Potato Patches." The churches of the city took up a collection to aid this scheme and when Dr. Carson announced it from the pulpit he stated that he hoped they would give liberally and pray that the potatoes might grow as had the Governor's head and then there would not be a single hungry child left in Detroit.

DETROIT, THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

In the early days of my sojourn in Detroit when I ascended to the roof of the City Hall on a June or an August day it seemed to me as if Detroit was a city situated in the midst of a green forest. The trees that line every street and avenue made a most agreeable impression, not only upon strangers but upon Detroiters themselves. They delighted in it as a

"City Beautiful" and when dwellers in Cleveland came and boasted that they had finer streets than Detroit, Detroiters used to retort: "Yes you have an extraordinarily beautiful avenue in Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, but we have twenty just as fine in Detroit." There has always been a little rivalry between these two good towns. At the end of one census Cleveland was ahead and at the next Detroit would be ahead until Henry Ford came and then Detroit struck its gait and forged ahead so rapidly that people began to say: "Cadillac founded Detroit, but Henry Ford made it".

Dwellers in Detroit today cannot imagine what the city was like in the days when it was embellished with innumerable trees. Moreover, it was a remarkably social town. Everybody of any importance knew everyone else and the social gatherings, as I have already stated, were a wonderful feature of old Detroit. When there was a Sunday School Convention or a Christian Endeavor Conference or a Methodist Convention or a Baptist Conference or an Episcopalian General Synod, the homes of Detroit were thrown open and guests were welcome. It mattered not what their creed was, there were open doors and open hearts to encourage visitors who were engaged in the moral uplift of the community. But that unfortunately has passed away, as clergymen and laymen tell me that now instead of the open house they simply, when a religious assembly is gathering, raise the money and the guests are put up at hotels. Such was the case lately when the Federal Council of Churches had its gathering in Detroit. It is to be regretted that the times have changed—"The old order changeth giving place to the new, but God fulfilleth Himself in many ways."

When one thinks of the manner in which Detroit has grown in prosperity, one is astounded. I think it was in the year 1881 that twenty-seven feet on Woodward Avenue between Congress Street and the Russell House were sold for \$27,000; that is to say, \$1,000 a foot front. Detroit was astounded, it could hardly believe it possible that such sums could be obtained for city property.

In those days people scoffed and scorned at Moses W. Field when he had an auction sale of lots just opposite the bridge to Belle Isle. I remember talking with him on the boat and he expressed such confidence in the future Detroit that people judged him extravagant in his ideas. I remember that Mr. William A. Butler, the banker, drew near and joined in the conversation and expressed his doubt whether any banker could be found in Detroit to loan money on such a wild-cat scheme as Mr. Field was engineering in the disposing of lots "away out in the wilderness," as Mr. Butler put it. But these lots that were away out in the wilderness are now almost in the heart of the town.

Detroit has prospered; her citizens have prospered wonderfully. One can look back at the time when Newcomb-Endicott & Company were in the Opera House and now behold their activities today. One can remember when Mr. J. L. Hudson pulled out from the C. R. Mabley establishment and founded a new business which has grown remarkably. One can think of the modest beginning of James Vernor at the corner of Woodward Avenue and Clifford Street, and behold how that one branch of his former business, the making of ginger-ale, has enriched him beyond the dreams of his youthful days.

One can think how the products of Detroit have not only extended throughout the neighborhood but have gone into the ends of the earth and yet how Woodward Avenue has changed. At one time William H. Elliott was in a store of his own and some people said that in that one store he made more money than any other dry goods store in Detroit in those early times. Then there was Taylor Woolfenden. Mr. Taylor, like Mr. Hudson, a man deeply interested in the Y. M. C. A. and Mr. Woolfenden a noted lecturer and cartoonist ever ready to lend a helping hand to any Young People's Society in the Evangelical Church.

One thinks of the Friedman's establishment with its large clientele and of how by and by the Friedmans retired and the two brothers Metcalf came from down state and continued the business for many years, the last of them dying only in

1923. Then there are Jacob Beck & Sons whose business at Fourth & Congress Streets expanded until their large milling establishment at Seventeenth and Fort Streets covered a whole block and the old Gold Corn Flour and Beck's Breakfast Flakes were shipped weekly to Christiania where a great sign stood up, "Jacob Beck & Sons, Detroit."

Then there was Parke-Davis & Company. I have hardly been in any European city where I have not been able to purchase the Detroit products of Parke-Davis & Company. These two, Mr. Hervey Parke and George S. Davis were a remarkable pair. They were very different from each other. Mr. Parke was a very strong and devoted Episcopalian but a man of very liberal ideas devoted entirely to business. Mr. Davis, on the contrary, was the son of old Solomon Davis, who lived to be nearly one hundred years old and who used to tell me that he had shaken hands with Lafayette and welcomed him when he came to this country. Old Solomon's son, the Davis of Parke-Davis Company, a lover of fine horses, had a remarkable hobby. He was devoted to every relic obtainable, or to use the proverbial words of the collector, he was ready to beg, borrow or steal anything that related to Napoleon, of whom he had a wonderful collection. I do not know how it came to pass that this collection was disposed of but such is the fate of every collection except those that the owner presents to some University or to some Museum.

At the present time you will find the autos of Henry Ford all over the world. I found one hundred and twenty of them in Majorca in the Balearic Islands. I found a Henry Ford agency in Cairo and the representative was a Mr. Keith, a native of Aberdeen. When we were in Cairo he drove me up and down and commended me to the Ford representative in Jerusalem. When I was driving from the railroad station at Jerusalem to my hotel, I found that the Ford representative was a native of Dunblaine, Scotland, and when I presented the letter Mr. Keith had given me, the representative invited Mrs. Dickie and myself to his house for five o'clock tea and offered to drive me to Tyre and Sidon. He drove us around

Jerusalem, but as we had our own automobile and chauffeur, it was unnecessary for us to trouble him, ready as he was to serve.

In fact, when I was in the East some one gave me a post-card that they had made of one of Henry Ford's trucks and automobiles at the side of the Great Pyramid. Away up in Assouan nearly one thousand miles up the Nile one saw again the automobiles of Henry Ford. In Tiberias we found again—Henry Ford. When we were on the French steamship "Asia" which carried us to Palestine and afterwards to Marseilles, we sat one whole day looking over Jaded when the stevedores did nothing but unload Dodge cars on to barges that had to face the billows that rage around the rocks at Jaded in Palestine.

From Detroit have gone quite a few citizens as ambassadors to foreign countries. There is Mr. Charles B. Warren, who is still with us. There was Professor Sill, who was Minister to Korea; there was Mr. Quimby of the *Free Press* who was ambassador to Holland; Mr. Edwin Uhl of Grand Rapids, who is near enough for us to count him a Detroiter, who was sent to Berlin and there was Senator Tom Palmer, who was ambassador to Spain.

Then we can think of many Detroit families who are related to the nobility of the various countries in Europe. The Walkers, Buhls and Holbrooks are related to the German nobility through Ella Walker who became Grafyn Countess Matuska. Then there is Mary Wilkins, who espoused Count Zeppelin, a nephew of the great flying Count Zeppelin, and by her marriage related the Wilkins, Lister and Poe families to the German nobility. There is also the Baronness Von Kettler, who by her marriage related the Ledyards, Henrys and Muirs to the German nobility, and Senator McMillan's daughter who became Lady Harrington of England.

There were some weekly religious papers that had a large circulation and wide influence not only in our city but throughout the state. There was the *Methodist Christian Advocate* with Dr. Arnold at its head and as its youngest director Joseph Berry, whom the boys in the office regularly called

"Joe." He has now attained fame and influence and is senior of all the Methodist Bishops in America. There was Mr. Trowbridge and the Baptist newspaper which also had a wide circulation and much influence. Then there was a little Presbyterian paper started of which I was editor and chief writer and the other clergy, Dr. Radcliffe, Mr. Barlow and Dr. Duffield were contributors. It lived and moved and had its being until I departed and then for a very few months it lived a precarious existence and came to naught. There was also the *Michigan Churchman*.

In my earliest residence Belle Isle was purchased by the city and in summer a ferry boat crossed to Belle Isle at very semi-occasional seasons. I remember one afternoon a party of us went over to Belle Isle for a picnic. We spent the whole day there from noon until dusk and then we stood on what was an apology for a landing place for a couple of hours before any boat reached us, but we were very thankful that we had not been left, as sometimes people were, to spend the whole night in the woods.

On a Sunday in the 80's it was no uncommon thing for such crowds of people to go to Belle Island that the boats could not accommodate them and that thousands were left to spend the night in the open air. But the erection of the bridge and the manufacture of automobiles has changed all that. Transportation on Belle Isle is as remarkable as that in Detroit itself. I sit in my window here overlooking the river and notice at night how I can trace the lights of the automobiles as they journey around on their tour of the Island. It may well be said that there is not a city in the world that is so fortunate as to have such a beautiful island park as Belle Isle.

Mayor William G. Thompson was a conspicuous figure in Detroit. He and his brother, Dr. Thompson when they were young, edited a little book of Bible texts for youth which was entitled "Early Dew." Mr. Thompson became a politician, married Mr. Brush's daughter and was a conspicuous leader in the Republican party. He was a devoted henchman of Presi-

dent Grant and lent all his influence at the 1880 Convention to have Grant nominated for a third term.

Thompson in his manhood's prime drifted somewhat away from the early promise of his youth. Once when a very objectionable play was injuring the youth of the town a great indignation meeting was held, protesting against such wild, woolley and western plays as the Jesse James type and at that meeting I was appointed representative to interview the Mayor and ask that such plays should be forbidden. I went to his office and talked with him about the matter and he said: "Certainly I will forbid it. I want you to understand that there is a very great difference between William G. Thompson, private citizen, and William G. Thompson, Mayor of Detroit."

He gave a most interesting gathering at his home on Jefferson Avenue when his daughter made her *debut* in Detroit society and not long afterwards she, who was a very attractive young lady as well as a rich heiress, married Mr. Harry Le-Grand Cannon of New York. Mayor Thompson was afterwards a member of the Michigan Legislature and was very keen scented to discover a plot of any kind against the well being, financial or otherwise, of his constituents. He was an admirable executor of the State and was a great favorite generally. He was one of the last gentlemen who continued to carry a silver tobacco box and to "chew."

Another interesting occasion was the marriage of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Heinemann, which was celebrated in a hall at the corner of Adelaide and Woodward, if I mistake not. The marriage ceremony was conducted by Rabbi Grossman and I think another Rabbi from Cincinnati. This marriage was said in the public newspapers to be very remarkable, inasmuch as it was attended by the Rev. C. R. Henderson of the Baptist Church, Dr. William H. Davis of the First Congregational Church, and myself. Mr. Holden, the editorial writer of the *Journal*, published an article in which he said that if Evangelical Protestant clergy in former days had been present at a Hebrew wedding it would undoubtedly have been with the object of giving information and acting as spies, but he

said "The world moves and these three willingly attended as guests and as such were heartily welcomed by their Hebrew brothers."

Detroit in the old days not only had theatrical representations and musical entertainments at the Opera House and elsewhere, but occasionally entertainments of a very high and attractive order took place in the City. I remember once, under the chairmanship of Senator Tom Palmer, that accomplished young elocutionist, Laura Daintry, conducted a program of most interesting readings, some of them serious and some of them humorous, with wonderful dramatic power. I have never heard any lady elocutionist in America equal her with the possible exception of the accomplished southern elocutionist, Kitty Cheetham.

The Scotch colony in the days of my residence numbered about five thousand and when a Scotch entertainment was given you could always be sure of a large gathering. The annual St. Andrews banquet on November 30 was a great occasion. It had such men for chairmen as John Wilson, William K. Muir, William Livingstone, Florance Eatherly, John Petty, John McGregor, etc. On January 25 which is the birthday of Robert Burns, the Scottish Societies of the city united in giving very pleasing entertainments in the Opera House.

One especially stands out as excelling all others. It was a series of tableaux representing scenes from the life and poems of Burns. It had prologues, one by Bethune Duffield, the poet, one prose introduction by Dr. Radcliffe, another by Dr. Carson, and a rhyming introduction by myself. Notable personages portrayed the different characters. A very beautiful Detroit society lady played the part of Mary, Queen of Scots. William K. Muir and George Hendrie took prominent roles. The newspapers stated that the costume of Mr. Hendrie with a tam-o-shanter on his head made him extremely handsome and that the costume was exceedingly becoming. The tableaux netted the society a large sum of money and was repeated afterwards to help the effort to pay off the debt on the Central Presbyterian Church.

A very notable Scottish event was the visit of the famous singer, David Kennedy with his children, to our city. Mr. Kennedy was the greatest singer of Scottish songs since the death of the famous Templeton. He had wonderful dramatic talent and as his wife said to me once, "He could make any kind of face that he liked and he could impersonate young or old." He was a great story teller and was a singer of very high order. For a week the Opera House was crowded with people eager to hear him. One of his children, his youngest son, was born in Detroit and baptized in the Old Scotch Church by the kindly Stephen Balmer. Mr. Kennedy could sing "Scots wae hae" or "Weary pund of twa" or "John Grammely" or "M'love's like a red red rose," or "Annie Laurie" or "I'm Wearin awa" sung with the lights low as no one has been able to do since he departed. His daughter Mrs. Kennedy Fraser, who was Marjorie, has gone up and down the British Isles singing the songs of the Hebrides and reviving these old Highland Scottish melodies. Perhaps the finest Scotch story that he told was something like this:

"An old man called McGlashon was on his death-bed. He called his son Saunders to his bed and said, 'Saunders your mither is deed and I'm deen' and I want ye to put yer richt hand up and gie me yer oath and promise that ye'll be feyther to these brothers and sisters of yers and that ye'll see that they are educated and are able to read the Bible and say the shorter Catechism and sign their ain names.' Saunders duly agreed and his father closed his eyes in peace. The years went by and Saunders kept his pledge, saw all the children become men and women and go off one by one into homes of their own until he was left alone. He was mending a tear in his coat when he ran a needle into his hand and said, 'Lush, this'll never do. I maun hae a wife.'—"I wonder where I'll find ane. Let me see—there's Jean White, and Elizabeth McLeod and Sarah Todd and Florrie Wilson and Jean Brown." He wrote them all down on his card and put Jean White first. He visited Jean and said to her: "Jean White, I've come to ask ye if you'll be ma wife." Oh, Saunders McGlashon," said Jean, "This is too sudden; I maun hae time to think." "No, no," said Saunders,

"I've six ithers on my list." "Well, I will then if you're so wilful," said Jean. "All richt," said Saunders, "We'll be married next Friday." When he went to the door he said: "Noo, Jean, I maun kiss ye." So he kissed her and she said; "Oh, Sandy McGlashon, that's reel refreshin'."

This brought down the house. Mr. and Mrs. Derwood, the Scotch vocalists, also visited us and we were very cordially received. Their singing was in excellent taste and purely Scotch, but however excellent one may call it, one could not say that it was in the same class with the singing of old David Kennedy.

Among the five thousand Scots that we had here, James McGregor, who founded the Home Savings Bank, which later amalgamated with the Wayne County Bank, was very progressive.

F. D. Etherly, the lumberman; the two brothers Buick; Mr. James McQueen, the railroad man; Mr. James Muir of the Grand Trunk, a brother of W. K. Muir; Senator James McMillan and his brother Hugh, were also very prominent. Of course we all regarded Senator James McMillan as chief of the Scottish Clan. He was said to be the handsomest man in the Senate at Washington and had very beautiful manners and great generosity. We had many Scotch poets, Andrew Wanless, of whom I have already spoken and James P. Broomfield; and now we have in addition, Jean Frazer McDonald, and I have sometimes indulged in the making of verses myself.

It is said that now there are fifty thousand Scotts in town. They do not gather together quite as intimately and congenially as did the Scottish colony in the eighties and nineties. In those days when I was chaplain of St. Andrews Society, I might be said to have married all the Scotch couples no matter to what church they belonged, as they said, "We have to be married by the Scotch minister and in the Scotch church." I suppose I have united in marriage during my residence here, something like one thousand couples. I remember one night in February 1886, that terrible winter when a street car driver was frozen to death on his car, that the next day I married a

Scotch car driver and I asked him, "Were you on your car last night in that terrible thirty below that we had?" And he said, "Yes," and when he gave me \$10 for my fee I felt as if it was blood money, as in those days there was no defense against the cold for a street car driver. The largest fee I ever received was \$200 from a Detroit newspaper man. As Charles Moore said in his newspaper when he heard of it, "Who says that the newspaper man is ungenerous after Dr. Dickie receiving such a generous marriage fee from one whom men scoffingly call a 'penny-a-liner.'" He is now a prominent newspaper man in Cleveland, having moved from this city. He married one of the most beautiful ladies in Detroit. In her day she was a very noted beauty and Mr. Moore in his article said—"At least the bride was worth it."

DR. DICKIE ACCEPTS A CALL TO BERLIN, GERMANY

In 1894 I filled eleven different offices in addition to my church. I was Convenor of the Home Mission Society; Chaplain of the St. Andrews Society; President of the Helping Hand; Lecturer at Ann Arbor; etc. and so I often wonder how I was able to accomplish all that I did. Sometimes my work was mapped out from hour to hour from ten in the morning until half past nine, and when I came into my study then I was thankful beyond measure.

Then it came about that I was invited to become chaplain in Berlin. My friends gave me a very beautiful send-off. For two weeks before I left I dined out somewhere every night, and then I preached my farewell sermon and was appointed by the Presbytery to declare my church vacant, which was the greatest trial that I ever passed through, and I asked the Presbytery never to appoint a man who was leaving his church to declare it vacant. I passed the church the next day and it nearly tore my heart out.

I had for many years reviewed religious books for the *Free Press* without my name ever having been mentioned; on the day I left there appeared a review I had written on "Erasmus' Life and Letters," by J. A. Freud, and Mr. Quimby for the

first time caused my name to be appended to the article. So my official days and duties in Detroit had come to an end and I look back upon them as being the most useful, the most influential and fruitful days of my pastorate and as a happy era in my life.

I gave about twenty years of the best that was in me to this city and when I departed I said to my congregation that I would come back again to Detroit and they would probably see an old man broken with the storms of life coming to lay his weary bones among them and saying, "Give me rest;" but as the famous anthropologist in Berlin, Virchow, once said to me, "My good pastor, a man never grows so old that he does not still think he is young," and that is exactly how I feel in my eighty-first year today.

In the old days the Gratiot Avenue region was called "German town" because the majority of its inhabitants were either German born or of German descent. There were some prominent physicians who, although they may have lived in other districts of the City were German: Dr. Herman Kiefer, Dr. Henry Carstens, Dr. Kline, etc. Among the lawyers there were Otto Kirchner and Augustus Stellweagon and among the merchants Peter Henkel and Charles Strellinger. Of all the Germans in town no one had such great influence as the Rev. Dr. Haas or Pfarrer Haas as he was familiarly known. He was a man of boundless energy, and had an immense congregation that was devoted to him beyond measure. I remember well how he welcomed to his pulpit Dr. Miller of Bristol, England, a born German, who maintained great orphanages and yet never asked any man for a penny to support them. He made it his rule to pray to God for "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" and God always answered his prayers so that these hundreds of orphan children never once had to go without a meal. Dr. Haas could dominate the German colony for good at all times, and he is now represented by his sons, one of whom is a pastor and another is Mr. Julius Haas, President of the People's Wayne County Bank.

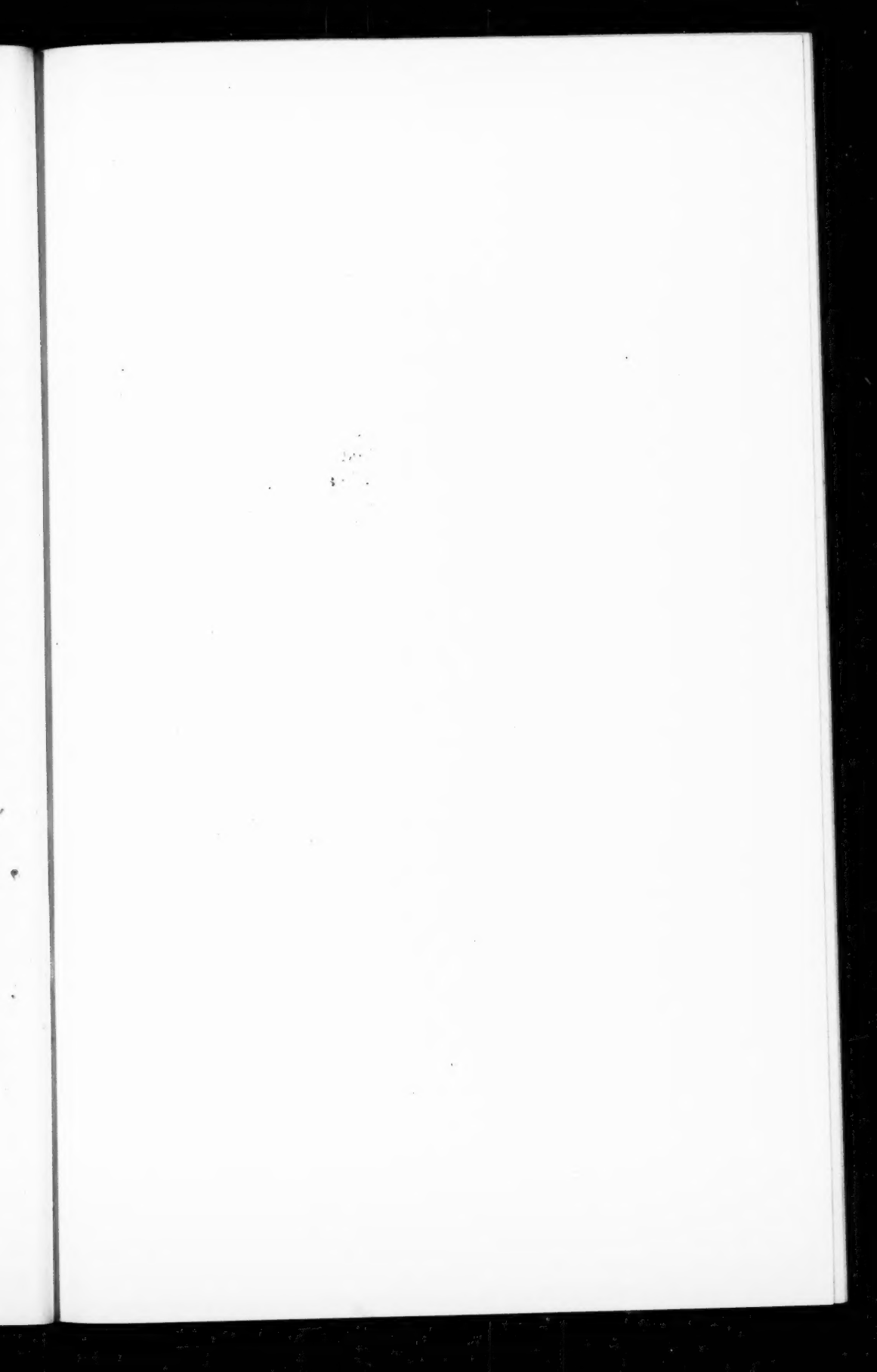
I found the other day a card issued by the Wayne County Sunday School Association in the year 1884 asking the recipient to respond and state how many delegates they would welcome to their homes, and that the answer should be sent to Mr. James Louis Lee, a gentleman who still remains with us and who drives me to Church every Sunday. That is a reminiscence of the former days which have passed away.

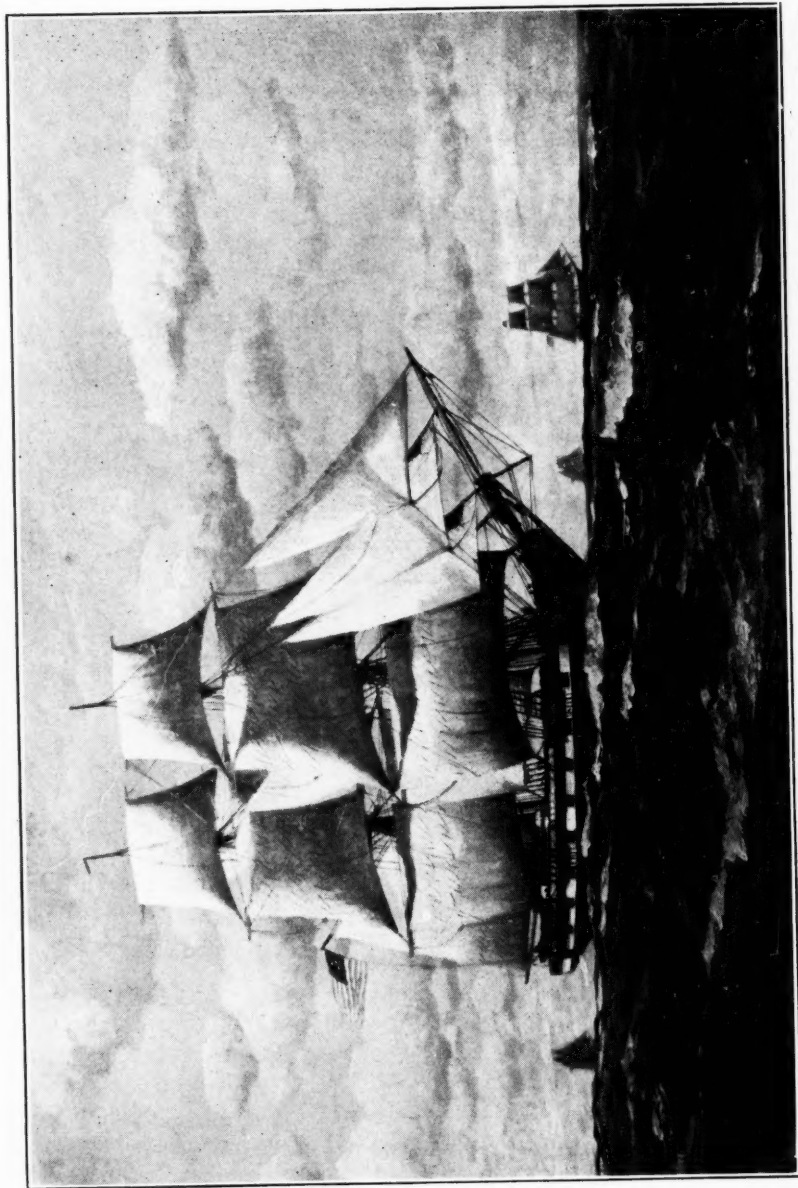
There was also on the upper part of Gratiot Avenue extending from about Antoine Street east, a very large Polish community. It was essentially Catholic, and there were several outstanding features of that colony that made it conspicuous. It was the custom for the Polish women to gather wherever a building was being wrecked. They would beg and receive a large quantity of old timber. They would gather it together and have it tied with cords, whereupon they would lie down upon it and have the cords tied around their arms. Then two others would lift them up and with these heavy loads upon their backs they would walk away as if it were nothing. They were very thrifty. The different mills in town, Henkels and Becks unanimously agreed that these Polish men who came to buy food always had ready money and paid cash; although on the other hand there were many housewives who declared that the little Polish children could sweep the entire contents of the clothes-line before you could wink. This may have been only slander, but it was very commonly repeated. The great Polish priest Father Kolasinsky could dominate the Polish community as an emperor could rule. The Bishop Foley had his own troubles with him. Kolasinsky bade defiance to the Bishop and lorded it like a Prince of the church, for many a day, but at last Bishop Foley triumphed. Kolasinsky surrendered and peace reigned in the Catholic community under Bishop Foley once more.

Among the bankers there were Emory Wendell of the First National Bank and Lorenzo Clark, both of whom are commemorated in Emory Wendell Clark, Chairman of the First National Bank. Then there were Robert Mason and Wm. Livingston in the Dime Savings Bank and George Russell in

the People's Savings Bank. There were also certain private Banks, McClelland & Anderson, and nearby the Bank of Edward Kanter. And then there was Mr. Wm. Wesson of an old Detroit family who was President of the Wayne County Savings Bank, and Sidney D. Miller of the Detroit Savings Bank, which is the oldest Bank in Michigan. Mr. Miller was a man of great force of character, extremely conservative, with a motto of "Safety First." I relied on him during the whole of my life in Detroit as being a safe advisor. He had a stone dwelling on Jefferson Avenue that I always admired, and I said to him: "Mr. Miller, you live in what ought to be a Scotch manse. You ought to give it to the Scotch Church to house their minister because the whole style of architecture and the good stone of which it is built are essentially Scotch in their character and it looks as if it were a bit of Scotland transplanted to Jefferson Avenue." It still stands today, but I see it is doomed for some other purpose than to be a dwelling place.

The firm of D. M. Ferry & Company, Seedsmen, has always given employment to a large number of workers, many of whom in my day were Scottsmen like John Common and McFederis, and not less than a hundred Scotch girls from the Scotch Church put up their seeds in packages. Mr. D. M. Ferry was a man of great financial ability and good judgment, genial and generous to the Second Congregational Church of which he was chief layman. Mrs. Ferry was one who might have stood as model for Solomon's portrayal of the excellent wife. Then associated with Mr. Ferry was Mr. Bowen. Mr. Bowen was an outstanding member of the Baptist Church, and he was succeeded by his son Lemuel Bowen, so lately deceased. And now the son of Mr. Ferry, Mr. D. M. Ferry, Jr., has succeeded his father, and the firm name remains still D. M. Ferry & Company, Seedsmen, known all over the United States and away down to Southern France.





Painting of U. S. S. Man-of-War brig "Niagara" by Charles R. Patterson. Owned by Richard P. Joy, Detroit.

A BIT OF NAVAL HISTORY ON THE GREAT LAKES

BY RICHARD P. JOY

DETROIT

ON the first day of October, in the year 1813, the village of Detroit was thrilled with excitement. The news had spread with the speed of the wind, that Captain Oliver Hazard Perry's war ships were coming up the river. Already rounding Sandwich Point, on the Canadian side of the river, could be seen the topsails and top-gallant sails of a stately full-rigged brig. Other square-rigged, black-hulled vessels followed the brig, wafted along by a stiff southerly breeze which caused the waters of the strait to be ruffled with white caps. The American flag was clearly visible at the main gaff of the leading ship.

The inhabitants of Detroit, but recently released from British rule by Captain Perry's victory on Lake Erie, gathered on the banks of the river to watch the squadron pass northward towards the wide and clear blue waters of Lake St. Clair. This squadron was composed of the brig, Niagara; the ship, Lady Provost, a captured vessel; and the square-rigged, topsail schooner gun boats, Scorpion, Tigress and Porcupine. When well out in the lake off Grosse Pointe, each ship in turn hauled due east for the mouth of the Thames River in Canada. Captain Perry soon followed the squadron in the brig, Caledonia, another captured British vessel, accompanied by the gun boat Ariel.

These ships were in chase of certain British ships carrying military supplies, which had left the Fort at Detroit, upon its evacuation by British troops, soon after Captain Perry's sea fight, September 10, 1813. The British army in command of General Proctor had crossed the Detroit River and had begun its retreat eastward through Canada. The supply ships were to meet the army at a rendezvous somewhere on the Thames River near the Moravian towns, twenty miles up that river. General William Henry Harrison's army of Ken-

tuckians had been transported across Lake Erie from Sandusky to Fort Malden, (now Amherstburg) by Captain Perry's fleet and were pursuing the retreating British army.

On the second of October, 1813, Captain Perry's squadron arrived off the mouth of the Thames River, where the deep draft ships came to anchor, as they could not cross the bar. The gun boats, *Scorpion*, *Tigress* and *Porcupine*, being of light draft were dispatched up the river in quest of the British vessels. These ships, the names of which we do not know, had sailed up the Thames River—beyond what is now the prosperous City of Chatham—and had delivered their military cargoes to General Proctor's army a day or so before the Battle of the Thames was fought, on October 5, 1813. The vessels were then burned and sunk, and remain on the river bottom to this day, with the exception of one ship, which was raised some twenty-five years ago and displayed in the public park at Chatham.

Captain Perry's sea fight on Lake Erie, near Put-in-Bay, was sharp and decisive and resulted in a complete victory for the American navy. The profound influence of sea power was clearly demonstrated when the American fleet captured the entire British squadron of two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop. The number of men engaged in the naval action on Captain Perry's fleet would not today man a modern battleship. These stout ships and brave hearts, however, not only rescued Detroit and Michigan from British rule, but went far to save the entire Northwestern country including Michigan for the United States.

When the smoke of battle of the War of 1812 drifted away, it carried with it the misunderstandings between Great Britain and the United States, which had rankled since the Revolutionary War. The United States had become a Nation and could protect itself, and therefore commanded respect. For one hundred and seventeen years we have lived at peace with our Canadian neighbors on our northern boundary. Neither nation maintains any navy on the Great Lakes, and there is not a fortification or a military guard on the three thousand miles

of border which divides Canada and the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

On Sept. 10, 1913, was celebrated at Put-in-Bay the Centennial of Perry's victory. Today the beautiful Perry Monument at Put-in-Bay stands as a lasting memorial to over a century of peace between the two great English-speaking nations of the world.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS YESTERDAY AND TODAY

BY J. H. ROCKWELL

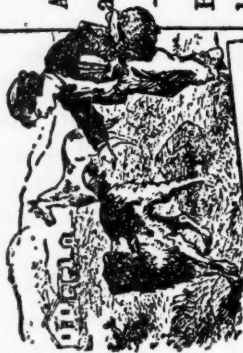
MIDLAND

BY our public schools I mean, in this story, the public schools of Michigan between 1878 and 1930. In this bit of history the American boy and girl should be the two persons most deeply interested. Fifty years ago if a boy acquired an education he had to fight for it, physically as well as mentally, for in the country districts the road to the school house was a long one and in the winter, deep with snow, swept by intensely cold winds, and so strong that one could hardly keep his feet, and these conditions often continued until late in the Spring.

Mrs. Alice Price, still teaching in Midland County, where she taught thirty years ago, tells of a snow storm that came on the 17th day of May, blocking the roads so completely that she and her pupils were imprisoned in the school house until late in the evening, when the farmers with their big sleighs and horses broke open the road to the school house and took them home. Fortunately the day was not a severely cold one. The deep snow was all gone by the end of the following day, leaving the roads in a condition unpleasant to travel over, and yet it was over these roads the children had to go to school next day, and for many days, before the sun and wind had dried these rivers of mud and made it possible to travel them again on foot.

Most of the country school houses were built of logs in those early days. They contained only one room, equipped with a rudely constructed blackboard at the end of the room facing the door, the desks were as rudely constructed as the blackboard, and the seats were mere benches without backs. The room was heated by a big "box stove" that would take in a four-foot stick of wood—a rather ugly thing to look at, but extremely comforting when the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero, as was often the case.

LESSON XL



THE ECLECTIC SERIES LESSON XLIII



boy waste pile-y read-y
child month man-y sec-ond
friend please read er pa-tent
friends school teach-er chil-dren
What! the last le-son? Have we come
to the last le-son in the book?
A few months a-go you could not spell.
Now, you can read all the le-sons in the
First Read-er.

LESSON LX.



NEW FIRST READER

FAN fan



AX ax



GIRL girl



BOX box



H he



CAT cat



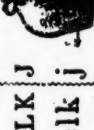
I i



DOG dog



J j



ELK elk



22. Then Billy, without saying a word,
brought the rest of the cake. He said,
"Here, old man, is some cake for you," and
put it into the old man's hat.
23. The fiddler thanked him, and Billy
was happier than if he had eaten ten
cakes.

Fifty years ago when the big forests were still here, in them were wild animals, especially the black bear, who when he comes out from his long sleep in the early spring is inclined to show a rather nasty temper. A teacher—now past seventy years—tells us this story. The school house where she was teaching at the time stood less than a mile from a large blackberry patch. "One day, early in September," said Mrs. LeQuire, "after dismissing the children, I took my dinner pail and walked over to the blackberry patch to pick a few berries for supper. The berries were plentiful and fine and I soon filled my bucket. As I turned to leave the blackberry patch I noticed the tops of the bushes moving some little distance away—as if some one was picking berries—so I went at once to see who was there. As I rounded the curve of the berry patch, you can easily imagine my astonishment, when instead of seeing a man, or a woman, or a boy—as I had expected to—I saw a big black bear standing on his hind legs, and picking berries with both "hands", and cramming them greedily into his big red mouth. The bear did nothing and said nothing, except that it seemed to me as he turned his head in my direction for just a moment, that there was a grin on his face, as he saw my unnecessary fright. And there was, really, no danger, for, unless the bear—the black bear, at least—is very hungry, or has her young with her, or is menaced in some way, she will seldom attack a person. But all this I learned later, and at the time I was within the reach of his great claws I was terribly frightened. For many days after that the children were not allowed to visit the blackberry patch where they had gone daily to gather berries."

The studies in those early days were not numerous, being mainly reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and English grammar; the chief interest centered on the first three studies—reading, writing and arithmetic. Today we call this period in the history of our public schools, "The Period of the Three R's." And yet it was a period of good work, and hard work, too, for the aim of the pupils was for excellence, and not credits—the thought of "passing" did not disturb them for

a moment; what they wanted was Knowledge—real practical Knowledge—and they got it. They could read well, they could spell well, they could write well, and doing difficult sums in arithmetic was a pleasing pastime. I wonder if the average school boy of today does as well in reading, spelling and writing as they did fifty years ago?

Fifty years ago gymnastics were unknown, except in the cities and larger towns of the State; but there was physical training, the best in the world, and plenty of it, for there were the trees—in most places—all around them, Nature's great gymnasium, and there were the lakes and rivers—never very far away—for skating in the winter time; and there were the sand hills, and grape-vine swings for the spring and autumn. Yes, there was plenty of opportunity for physical training, but in a rude way, and without any sort of instruction or equipment.

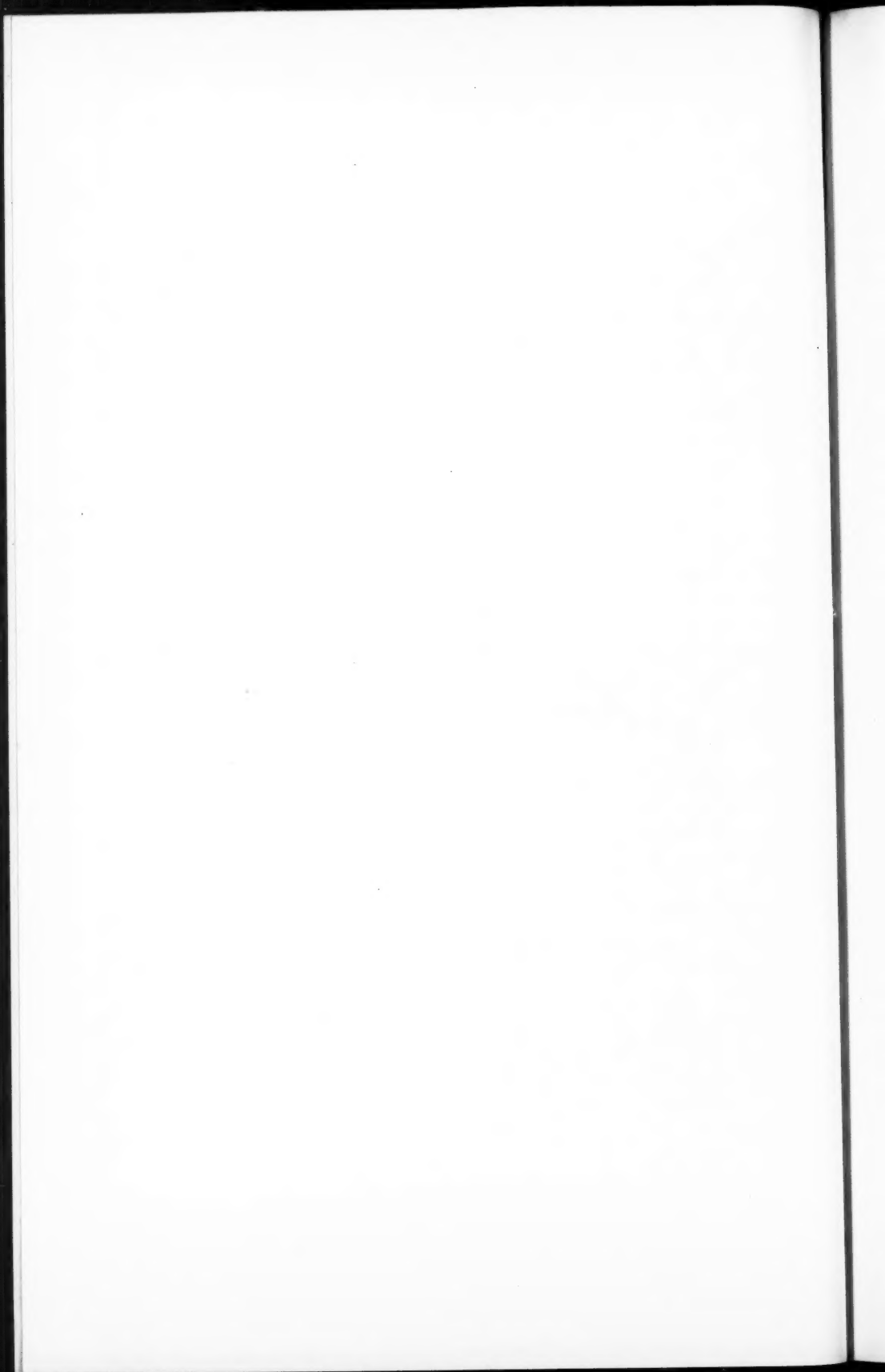
Miss O'Donnell, still teaching, but familiar with the days of '78, tells of how the boys of a certain school one winter, built a huge toboggan-slide thirty feet high at the upper end, and nearly half a mile long. They carried water up the steep incline, and sluiced the floor of the toboggan-slide with water to get a proper surface for coasting. It was certainly hard work, but fine physical exercise, stretching every muscle of the body.

Today, outside the strictly country districts, every school of the State, substantially, has a more or less perfectly equipped gymnasium under the supervision of a Director. A long step from nature to the refined (and more efficient?). Michigan has been wise and generous in this necessary development, and in the fostering of the best in her schools no State in the Union can show a better record. It is a matter of pride to every boy and girl in the Old Wolverine State, that Ann Arbor was one of the first Universities of the West to take a leading place among the great schools of the Union for the splendid character of its higher education.

Figures of course are unusually dull reading, but the figures



A typical school house of yesterday. (Located in Edenville, 21 miles south of Midland.)



that follow, I am sure you will enjoy reading, for they touch a matter every American boy is interested in.

In the year 1877 the total number of public school houses in the state of Michigan was 6,078. Of this number, 534 were log. The total number of pupils enrolled was, in this year, 357,139. The total number of teachers provided for these pupils, was 13,001. Out of this number of teachers, 9,220 were women, or nearly three-fourths of the whole number. The average monthly wage of the men teachers, at that time, was \$42.54; while the average monthly wage of the women teachers was \$27.45—a trifle over one-half the wage paid the men teachers.

Today the total enrollment of pupils is about 850,000, while the total number of teachers is 30,000, and the average monthly wage—including both men and women teachers—is around \$175.00. A substantial gain over the wage of 1878, but a lesser gain than that shown in any other direction.

Out of the one hundred and twenty thousand school houses in use in Michigan today, less than two hundred and fifty are of log, and these are, mostly, provided with modern equipment, so far as needed. Substantially, all the newer school buildings erected within the past decade are "Standard," that is to say, they are built after plans that provide for the best arrangement, for light and heat distribution, for ventilation, and for facilitating the work of the school.

Educators were a little slow in discovering that health instruction and health training are important parts of the work of the public school. Of course there had been athletic sports, and it is interesting to know that football, and basket ball, and baseball, and nearly all the real worthwhile sports which are engaging the attention of all America today, came out of the public school. They have been fostered and improved by the public school, until these sports have become a necessary part of our great system of public education, and in a way, the steadily increasing interest which these games have provoked both among students and the public at large, mark the great improvement and advancement our schools

have made in the past fifty years. The schools of no State in the Union have shown this either more largely, or more clearly.

Fifty years ago both pupils and teachers went to school on foot. In the country districts, very often, they went over long, rough roads. In the cities, however, they used the street cars. Today, even in the country, everybody who goes to school, goes in an automobile, and over well-kept roads.

More than anything else, perhaps, the school books of fifty years ago and those of today when brought into comparison, tell most fully, and most quickly, the wonderful progress our public schools have accomplished in the half century past. This progress has been most largely, I think, along physical lines—better buildings, better equipment, a wider provision for athletic training and for health. All this, especially athletics, has appealed to the student strongly; and coupled with modern methods of instruction, and modern text books, it has not only added efficiency to school work, but deepened the student's interest in it, increased his estimate of its importance.

The elder generations need no introduction to McGuffey's. To the younger generation, however, these readers are as strange and alien as if they came down from ancient Greece. The system of elementary education in America has altered tremendously in the last quarter of a century, and a glance at McGuffey's makes the change apparent.

William H. McGuffey ^{read} was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1800, the son of a frontier scout and soldier who had served in "Mad Anthony" Wayne's campaigns against the Indians in southern Ohio. He was educated in Washington college and became a college professor and Presbyterian minister after his graduation. In 1836 the first two of his readers were produced. Others followed until a series of six had been issued.

Throughout most of America, except New England, these books became the standard readers for all school children. Except for the Bible, it is probable that no other book in America attained the sales that McGuffey's had. By 1900

it was estimated that 122,000,000 had been sold; in 1888 alone, more than 2,000,000 were disposed of.

McGuffey's readers did more than teach a child how to read. If a child failed to draw from them lessons of religion, obedience, truthfulness, piety, kindness and general excellence of deportment, it certainly was not the fault of McGuffey. This process begins even in the First Reader, for tots just mastering their A-B-C's.

One lesson shows a wood-cut of a weeping school child, crowned with a "dunce cap," standing in front of a school room while other children and the schoolmaster cast withering glances at him. The text begins:

"O, what a sad, sad sight is this! A boy with a dunce cap on his head!

"Why does he stand there, in front of the school? What has he done?

"He is a bad boy. He talks and laughs in school. He loves to be idle and does not learn his lesson.

"Does he not look bad? All the good boys shun him."

This story is as nothing, however, to the distressing tale of Frank Brown. Frank was induced by a chum to play hookey and go swimming; he went to the mill pond, fell in and was drowned. A wood-cut shows a man carrying Frank's lifeless body home, an illustration which would make modern educators shudder. The story ends with these words:

"Do not stop to play on your way to school. Do not play with bad boys. They will lead you into harm."

The final selection in this book does somewhat more to help the schoolmaster. After congratulating the child on learning to read, it points out that now the glories of the Second Reader can be tasted, and adds:

"Are not your parents kind to send you to school and buy new books for you? Should you not try to please them? You must not waste your time in school. Try always to know your lessons."

The Second Reader continues in the same didactic strain. It contains one story that must have been the forerunner of all

the Horatio Alger books! A story that deals with a boy named George, who was given a dollar for a New Year's gift. George started out to buy some toys, but on the way engaged in a snowball fight and broke a window. His conscience hurt him so that he gave his dollar to the owner of the house, in payment. Then he went home—"very happy—for he had done what was right"—and explained to his father. The owner of the window, however, had been there ahead of him, and, touched by his honesty, had given back the dollar and added another to it. Furthermore he gave George a job in his store, and the story ends by remarking triumphantly that George "in a few years became the merchant's partner, and now he is rich."

It adds that George "often thinks of the broken window," which seems only fair.

In the later Readers, for older pupils, this moralizing was not so evident; the bulk of the material was taken from famous writers. Everything from Aesop's Fables to Shakespeare, Longfellow, and Bryant. To many thousands of people, especially on the frontier, these excerpts were the only reading matter obtainable; hence Mark Sullivan, in his book, "Our Times," calls McGuffey "a kind of American Confucius", and declares that his influence on American taste and American moral standards was profound.

Mr. Sullivan points out that a note of melancholy, wholly apart from the moral teachings, pervades the readers. Poems such as Bryant's "Thanatopsis" were quoted in profusion.

In the books for older children the note of patriotism was stressed. Webster's famous "Supposed Speech of John Adams" was included, as was Patrick Henry's famous "Liberty or Death" oration. The books also sowed the seeds of prohibition by hammering away at the evils of strong drink. The typical American virtues of thrift, industry and ambition were emphasized throughout.

Despite the tremendous sale of his Readers, McGuffey did not grow rich. He received a royalty of 10 per cent until he had been paid \$1,000, and thereafter the books became the

property of his publishers. After the Civil War the publishers voluntarily gave McGuffey an annuity until he died.

Insisting that McGuffey was one of the most influential Americans of the last century, in that his readers helped tremendously to spread certain ideas throughout the country, Mr. Sullivan suggests that McGuffey's Readers, by bringing English literature before millions of Americans, actually helped account for America's part in the World War.

"Every little prairie school house in America was an outpost of English literature, hardly less potent to inspire recruits when the time came than the British drum beat itself," he writes. "Had American school children been brought up on Goethe and Heine, as they were on Shakespeare and Milton, is it certain America's role in the World War would have been the same?"

Whether or not the scholarship of our public schools rates higher today than it did fifty years ago, I am unable to say. Even the schoolmasters do not agree at this point—but of this I am quite certain: Their knowledge is vastly more comprehensive, more widely extended today than yesterday, and in many ways, of a more practical character.

Even our country schools are rapidly taking up Manual Training, and some branches of Domestic Art. Then there is a phase of school training that looks in the direction of self-reliance and poise, that comes with the experience of travel that is growing in use and is of high value to the student.

During the Easter vacation, Prof. Fairman of the Midland High School, Midland, Michigan, accompanied by a number of women teachers, took a party of some thirty students from that school on an automobile trip to Lookout Mountain where one of the great battles of the Civil War was fought; visiting on their way, the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and the many places in southern Tennessee made interesting by the tragic incidents of the great war. When we learn that a number of the students composing this party had never been out of the State of

Michigan before, and had never eaten or slept in a public hotel before, you can understand—in a measure—what a trip like this meant to them.

There is no nation in the world that is doing for its youth greater practical things than are being done today for the American boy, and his sister, by their country. But it should not be overlooked that the so-called "practical" side of life is not the only human interest which the public schools of the future should foster. Our highly industrialized civilization, which is a natural sequence to our pioneer period, is equipping boys and girls to "make a living," but is it teaching them equally well "how to use the living"? If machinery is bringing greater leisure, then "how to use this leisure time" would seem important. Shall it be used merely to make more money, or should some of it be used to enjoy "internal resources"? In my view if the schools fail to supply these internal resources, to be derived from history, literature and art, as well as the incentive to increase these resources to match the physical resources and the enjoyment of mere "things," our schools will be missing one of the great functions of true education. In our boys and girls we see the hope of the future greatness of our country and her future glory; if we give them a chance, they will not disappoint the hope of their country—they never have.

A COUNTRY GRAVEYARD

BY WALTER A. TERPENNING

WESTERN STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

"The conception of God is never stronger upon me than when I think of the men of the past who strove and fell for the right as they saw it. I am ashamed to do less."

Charles H. Cooley—*Life and the Student*.

LET us build monuments to our friends, not to enable us to find their bodies, but in order the more readily to locate their venerable spirits. Let us pause over their dust and repeat their names and barter with them our tears and our flowers for the courage and hope that will enable us to live out our lives and finish our fight as gloriously as they did theirs. Let us attain for them that spiritual immortality which they so much desired and in which they so implicitly believed, and may they, together with us, live on in the lives of our children.

I recently took my children to see the grave of their great-great-grandmother, which is located in an old family burying ground near Dearborn, Michigan.¹ Her gravestone is broken and partly missing, leaving no record of her birth or death. She can be placed in time only by the record of the birth of her son in 1793. The foot stone proclaims her name to have been Harriet Nowlin. Time and the elements have nearly erased her brief epitaph. Her grave, like those of her descendants who lie beside her, is overgrown with briars, vines, shrubs, moss, and grasses. Not a written word of hers remains to rehearse for us her thought, not a picture of her face to record her smile, not a trinket or a tool from her household, not one of her most cherished possessions remains for our sentimental use. Only the name, "Harriet Nowlin" and a brief, almost illegible, epitaph written on this broken, moss-covered monument symbolize her person. When this masonry shall crumble and even her name be forgotten, when no sign of her mortality shall longer stain her immortality.

¹The William Nowlin Cemetery.

perhaps this solemn mound may become a part of some domestic playground, where shouting, laughing, reckless children will better symbolize the dynamic faith and fortitude of this one of our greatest grandmothers. Not much remains of her individuality, but as I thought of her time and the times of her Michigan-pioneer progeny, I could think of no subject the contemplation of which could the more readily put one in an historical mood or more effectively develop one's historical sense.

First in line of those whose lives were made possible by Harriet's living is John, who died December 4, 1860, at the age of seventy-six years and ten months. It was he, who, according to the story told by his son in a book called "The Bark-Covered House" first determined to transplant the Nowlin family tree from Putnam County, New York, to the new territory of Michigan. Like Pakom in Tolstoi's great story, he wanted more land, and he read in Morse's geography that Michigan's soil was fertile, her grapes and other wild fruit abundant, and her lakes beautiful. His ten-year-old son remembered, for over forty years, that he "talked continually" about Michigan. His family opposed him in his migratory ambitions. His son was afraid of bears and wolves. His wife, who was thought to have "consumption of the lungs," feared she would never live to get to Michigan if she started, or that, if she did get there, she and her family would be killed by the Indians, perish in the wilderness, or starve to death. She, perhaps a little dramatically, requested that, when she died, her husband should take her back to New York and lay her in the graveyard of her ancestors. Nevertheless, "Father made up his mind to come to Michigan and nothing could change him."

He sold his farm. He went to New York City and bought an "outfit," including a rifle for himself and a shotgun for his ten-year-old son. He practiced shooting at a mark, and when he had acquired some skill in marksmanship, he said good-bye to his family and started on a prospecting trip to Michigan. He survived a terrible storm on Lake Erie, landed

at Detroit, travelled twelve miles to Dearborn, where the nearest government land was located, and when he had verified Morse's geography to the effect that Michigan was a beautiful country, rich as a barnyard, level as a house floor, with no stones in the way, he "bought" eighty acres and planned to get eighty more as soon as he could return with his family. He thought Detroit would be a good market.

In 1834, after getting his family, including a daughter less than a year old, ready for the long journey, he started out, leaving his friends weeping and saying that he was going "out of the world." The voyage and journey to Michigan were attended by several narrow escapes and exciting experiences. Immediately upon their arrival, father and son set to work with the big ax and the little one which they had brought from York State, and in just two weeks the family were able to move into a new bark-covered house on a farm of their own, and "owed no one." A cow was purchased, and a team of oxen, the first ever owned in the town of Dearborn, and then began the work of clearing and planting and road building. Forests were gradually metamorphosed into corn-fields and Indian trails into corduroy roads.

Annoyances and discouragements were many. Mosquitoes ate man and beast, and all sang the same monotonous tune. Large flies called Pontiacers worried the cattle. Wet weather came on, and the new roads were so muddy that oxen could not travel them. Supplies had to be brought home on father's shoulders. Indians helped themselves to whatever they wanted, drank fire-water, threatened to murder the settlers, and worried women and children. Wolves howled, and bears became very familiar and curious. Rattlesnakes were plentiful, and one got into the house. The cattle got lost in the woods. The corn failed to ear. Hard times came. Debtors were unable to pay. A mortgage was given with interest at 7% and "shave" money amounting to 20%. Sometimes the family had a diet of only potatoes and milk, and occasionally of only thickened milk. Then both the oxen and the cow sickened and died.

But in all the rigors and loneliness of pioneer life, you, John, were

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break.

You got a job helping to build Fort Dearborn. You often travelled all night with a load of watermelons, in order to reach the Detroit market in the early morning. You hunted the wild deer. You lived on your faith in Michigan. And so contagious was the enthusiasm and optimism of your pioneer spirit, that even your wife, Melinda, became reconciled, and now is quite content to lie here with you in Michigan soil. You never heard of the Civil War, for you died December 4, 1860, at the age of seventy-six years and ten months; but she saw it through and joined you here January 21, 1873. She knew nothing of companionate marriage, but she seems to have been a very loyal and loving companion. Modern women get divorces from better providers than you were, John, but she never even made application for one. We modern husbands would like to know more about your way of life. How did you go about convincing her that your plans were best? Did you understand her well enough to know that she would measure up to the tests of pioneer life? How did it happen that she overcame her perturbation at the thought of leaving home, to the extent that when, enroute to Michigan, robbers tried to break into your room and steal your small savings and valuables, it was she who had the presence of mind and the courage to make a big bluff and, instead of reminding you that she had told you so, to shout to you to get your imaginary pistols ready? Did you sympathize with her that evening back in 1836 when you had company and she was embarrassed at being unable to serve tea because she didn't have any to serve? Was she any happier in the brick castle you built for her than in the old bark-covered house? Was she just as sweet when she had to do her cooking with maple as when she did it with granulated cane sugar? You did pretty well by her, John, but I wish that when the new Michi-

gan Central Railroad was built, you had taken her back to York State for a visit with her old friends, instead of leaving it to your son, who, in her old age, made good his promise given her when he was a ten-year-old boy. But perhaps it does not matter much now. The events of her life, happy and sad, her joys and sorrows, fears and hopes, laughter and tears, are almost forgotten. Nevertheless, when her name with ours shall be forgotten and the record of her place in time, and these last verses, defaced from this old stone, then may strangers join her kin in revering the unknown pioneer mother, who mothered our institutions and cradled our state.

May we guard her as loyally as did her first son, William, who, as if to protect her in death as he did in life, has taken his place only a few feet away. If one is to believe his epitaph, he must have been as good a father as he was a son. It was he who wrote the story of pioneer life with the purpose as he says of "perpetuating the memory of some most noble lives, among whom were my father and mother, who sought a home in the forests of Michigan," and although he professes to have sought to say no more about himself than was necessary, he, fortunately for us, did not succeed in neglecting himself altogether.

It was he who, upon arriving in Michigan, consoled his mother by promising to take her home for a visit. It was he who first visited the new farm with his father, returning alone to Detroit—a twenty-six-mile walk in one day—to inform his mother that they might live with a neighbor until their home was built. It was he who, as a ten-year-old boy, verified his father's judgment about the stoneless, fertile soil of Michigan, and the likelihood that Detroit would become a good market. He helped to build roads, although the pathmaster would allow him only half time. He boiled down the sap and made maple sugar. He helped to plant corn with an ax where the ground was so full of roots that a hoe would not work. It was he who got their first sucking pig and carried it home in his arms, when Mr. Thompson, a neighbor, offered him one if he would enter the yard with the ugly old sow and catch it. He

made the most talked-about speech at the pioneer temperance meeting. He carried hay from Dearborn and gathered the green ferns in the woods to feed the sick oxen. He became such a skillful hunter that his father let him do all the hunting. He killed a wolf, and, when hard times came, shot enough deer and other game to pay for the family's living and take up the mortgage on which his father paid what amounted to 27% interest. He helped to catch fish in such quantities that his mother had to salt them down. He went to see the first "iron-horse" that came in over the new railway, and witnessed the race between it and a Dearborn horse ridden by one William Cremer, a race which the latter won. He drew cordwood to the depot as fast as his father could chop it and sold it to the railroad company at a price which netted the two workmen and the team \$1.95 per day. He told us of his humiliation when, in piloting his sister and two other young ladies in his new dug-out canoe, the canoe became unmanageable in the rapids and dumped them all in the river. He told of his courtship and marriage to one of the young ladies, Adelia Traviss, who now shares his lot, as do his children, Angelia, his oldest daughter, who, with her mother, was buried October 17, 1882; John, aged 15 years, Harriet, aged 13 years, Henry, aged one year, Arthur, aged eleven, and Henry T., aged 58 years. The faith of the pioneer as well as the pathos of his living and dying are suggested in the verses which William composed for Adelia, his wife, and the brief epitaphs on his children's slabs. The fierceness of the struggle for survival is shown by the fact that six of the twenty-six graves are of infants and several of the others graves of older children. Surely, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," but the chances are that malaria and typhoid fever had something to do with such a mortality rate. It is not strange that those who lived through childhood generally survived until they attained old age. William's "little sister" Sarah, who shared his fear of Indians, and who was to remember the events of pioneer days for ninety years, used to tell us before her death of hearing her grandfather describe, as he remembered them, the conditions

which prevailed during the Revolutionary War days. So must Grandmother Harriet have listened to the "shot heard round the world." And well may we who read their "short and simple annals" be reminded that we do not outgrow the past, but rather grow out of it. They remind us with Sir Thomas Browne that "Man is a noble animal and pompous in the grave." We cannot disregard them even though

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrows oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

And so, stout hearts, as I stand and look upon the scenes you saw, the landscape that you shaped, my spirit would not be proud. As "fond memory brings the light of other days around me," I would make payment of my debt of gratitude, but I would remind you that your task is not finished. May your spirits rise up and smite our wilderness, make our crooked paths straight, make our deserts to rejoice and blossom as the rose. So I would have you strive on, you brave, forever "allied with that which doth provide and not partake, effect and not receive." I would not have you rest, restless pioneers. I would not hedge you round with this old iron fence, nor limit you by dates in time. I would not mow and ornament your mounds. These briars better typify the rigorous way you trod. I would make the whole earth your graves. I would make your ghosts forever dwell among us. I would give not your sepulchres, but your immortal souls, perpetual care.

A TUSCOLA PIONEER

BY EARL FARWELL WILSON

SAGINAW

Amey
AMONG the war trophies in the State Capitol at Lansing is a powder horn which was carried in the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars by John Slafter. At the beginning of the first-named war, John Slafter enlisted from Mansfield, Connecticut, in a company of Lyman's Regiment which was raised and commanded by Captain Israel Putnam, afterward Major-General in the Revolutionary War. He belonged to a party of Rangers under Putnam which fought at Crown Point in 1775. His emigrant ancestor, John Slafter, came to this country from Great Britain, probably from Wales, about 1680, and located in Lynn, Massachusetts. He later moved to Mansfield, Connecticut. The name was originally spelled *Slaughter*.

On July 4, 1761, the town of Norwich, now a part of Vermont, was chartered by Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire. Among the original proprietors of the town was Samuel Slafter, father of John, who was chosen treasurer of the corporation at the first meeting in Mansfield. John was sent by his father on a journey up the Connecticut River and through the forests of New Hampshire in 1763 to examine the land and make a report upon the advantages it might offer as a place of settlement. John's report was favorable, so his father, on June 7, 1763, transferred to him, as a token of his affection, all his rights as a proprietor of Norwich. The new settlers were forced to undergo the usual hardships of pioneers. The first potatoes raised in Windsor County, Vermont, were the product of a quarter of a bushel carried by him on foot from Charleston to Norwich.

When a division of Burgoyne's Army invaded Vermont, there was much consternation among the settlers of Norwich, who left their crops and flocked to the standards of Stark and Warner. John Slafter joined the ranks, but returned home



Wilson-Slafter Reunion, Tuscola, Aug. 25, 1928.



after the Battle of Bennington to look after his crops. However, he was present at the surrender of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga on October 17, 1777. He used to relate that in the French war, King George's troops often played "Yankee Doodle" in mockery of their American cousins, but he later had the pleasure of seeing his Majesty's troops march to the same tune to lay down their arms.

John Slafter was very much interested in education. On the 13th day of December, 1769, Dartmouth College was chartered by Governor John Wentworth of New Hampshire, and its location was fixed at Hanover. In addition to generous contributions for the erection of the first buildings, John Slafter gave a tract of land to the Trustees on November 13, 1770. After referring to the noble purposes of the charter and the generous donation of Governor Wentworth, he said: "In consideration of the extensive charity of the design and in addition to said fund, I, John Slafter of Norwich in the Province of New York, have given out and granted, and by these presents do absolutely give, grant, consign and confirm to the trustees of said Dartmouth College and to their successors, in trust for the use and benefit of said College, one-half of the hundred acres lot drawn to the original of Samuel Slafter in the second division of the one hundred acres in said Norwich, it being the 16th east of the four mile and a half highway, to have and to hold."

The powder horn was "loaned to the State of Michigan" by a grandson of John, David Grow Slafter, who was born in Norwich, January 1, 1817. David was Justice of the Peace there from 1846 to 1850. In 1851, he moved to Michigan and located in a new settlement on the bank of the Cass River. This settlement is now known as Tuscola Village in Tuscola County. Here, he served again as Justice of the Peace, a very important office in those days from 1852 to 1867. He was Judge of Probate of Tuscola County from 1856 to 1860; he was appointed enrolling officer for this county, June 3, 1863; he served as Deputy Provost Marshal for the 6th District of Michigan from July 8, 1863 until the end of the Civil War.

He also served in the Michigan House of Representatives at Lansing in 1863 and 1864.

The house which David Grow Slafter built in Tuscola is still standing. It is now owned and occupied by a grand-nephew, Howard Slafter, who bought it out of sentiment after it had passed out of the family.

David G. Slafter moved to the village of Vassar in 1883, having become interested in the organization of the First National Bank. A few years later, he became its president, a position he held until the time of his death. He was the owner of considerable real estate in Vassar besides a number of farms in the surrounding country. His lumbering operations, began on the Cass River in the 1850s, were continued in other parts of Michigan. He also owned an interest in a syndicate known as the Michigan Land Company which had been organized by his nephew, Farwell A. Wilson, and which embraced a large tract of pine timber in the State of Alabama. At the time of his death, he left the largest estate ever probated in Tuscola County.

David G. Slafter was ninety-one years old when he died in 1908. During his long life, his years had been years of usefulness, and his greatest enjoyment was in helping others. The destitute and the dependent found in him a sympathetic friend. He never had any children of his own, but adopted two orphans of different families. Both of his adopted children survived him, although his wife had died several years before. Under his will, specific legacies were left to these children and the balance of his estate was divided among the descendants of his deceased brothers and sisters.

At a family reunion held on the lawn of the house in Tuscola, a fitting memorial was dedicated to him. A large granite boulder weighing about five tons, a reminder of the granite of his native state of Vermont, was moved three miles and firmly set under a large elm tree which he had planted there as a sapling. On the face of this boulder was placed a bronze tablet with the following inscription: "David Grow Slafter, Pioneer, Lumberman, Legislator, settled here in 1851

and built a house modeled after the old home in Norwich, Vermont.

Dedicated at the Reunion of the Slafter-Wilson Families, August 28, 1928."

The dedication address was delivered by the Honorable William W. Potter of Lansing. General Guy M. Wilson of Flint responded for the Wilson family. David G. Slafter's sister Phalle had married Nahum Newton Wilson who came to Michigan in 1834, blazing the trail which was afterwards followed by other members of the family. Consequently, numerous descendants of both families are located in Michigan.

David G. Slafter and his wife, Anna, are buried in the beautiful cemetery at Vassar. This cemetery is located among pine trees high upon the bluffs overlooking the Cass River. An ideal resting place for this old pioneer. The tablet in Tuscola, dedicated to his memory, will remain long after the house which he erected will have crumbled into dust.

THE PIONEER *character*

BY HENRY INCREASE STIMSON

LANSING

MY TEXT, may it please you, is, "Sorrel pie."
Sorrel pie symbolizes the heroism, the persistence, the practicality, the humor, the conquest of the material by the spiritual in the life of the pioneer.

The sorrel, most of you must know, is a little, lowly perennial herb. Those giving it a casual glance may class it as a weed and forget it there. But the sorrel has a tang of flavor, and it flavored the life and the aspirations of the pioneer. The sorrel pie was the symbol that the pioneer and his good wife had not quit in the face of the utter dearth of joy in the midst of their hard surroundings.

It is an authenticated tradition handed down out of the past that the pioneer wives actually plucked the sorry little weed, acrid to the taste, made pies of it, and so turned the last vestige of opportunity from defeat to victory.

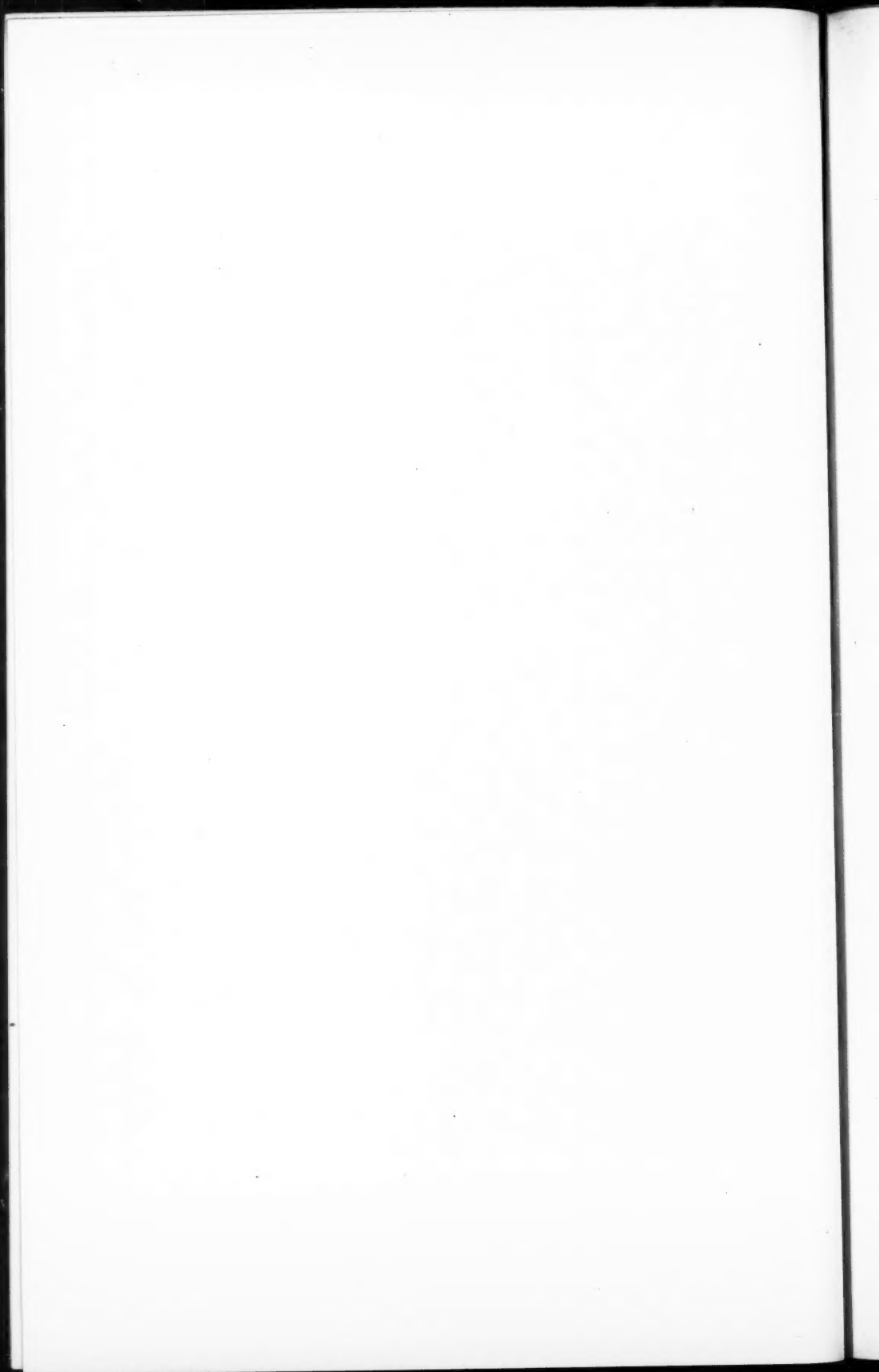
And so, with the sorrel pie as a suggestive symbol, we are to think for a little of the heroism, the persistence, the practicality, the humor of the pioneer—these traits enabling him to master the material to his lasting benefit and to the benefit of all mankind.

We need go but a little way for the story of the heroism of the pioneer. Night had gathered. The darkness was stygian. In the midst of that darkness flickered a wee wisp of light from a tin lantern. It was carried in the hand of a man walking in advance of an ox team, drawing a creaking covered wagon to a resting place for the night. There was no road, no trail. Over root humps, through sloughs, on they pressed until in the midst of the darkest forest, in the sound of the howl of the wolf, beyond any vestige of human aid, the rude

This oration, The Pioneer, was the prize winner in the oratorical contest of the Lansing Central High school, May, 1930, in which the student body participated. It was also delivered in the Ingham County oratorical contest, the sub-district and district contest of the State oratorical preliminaries.—Ed.



"The Pioneer Woman". Monument by Bryant Baker. Erected by E. W. Marland at a cost of \$250,000 as the result of a competition held in 1927. Unveiled by Secretary of War Patrick Hurley at a ceremony held on the Cherokee strip in Oklahoma.



ark of adventure came to a pause. In the days that were next at hand the dogged labor of the man who had carried the guiding light was pressed. In a short time there arose a rude cabin, and there in that comfortless, windswept cabin the first white child of the wilderness was born. Ah! there were those who dared.

But to dare is not all. The next great trait of the pioneer was persistence in his heroism. How many under the sudden urge of some great thought, inspiration, or occasion have dared momentarily, but daring momentarily have given their all. But it did not suffice for the pioneer merely to dare. Persistence in his daring was the heart and soul of his adventure. That first rude cabin in the wilderness had no windows and only a slab door. There was only a poor substitute for a bed. Even to hardy adults it might well have been a terror instead of a refuge and a home. How much more it might have seemed a terror to those parents had they allowed their wills to weaken there in the wilderness. But ah! persistence, dogged persistence in the extreme was of their virtues. Heroism plus persistence was there and the pioneer did not fail.

But to dare and to persist is not all. The third great characteristic of the pioneer was his practicality. The pioneer was practical in his building of a home. He took the elements that lay at his very hands. He did not wait to clear his land before planting a crop. He had wheat for flour before all the stumps were gone from his land. The pioneer was practical in his social relations. He and his neighbors traded their lands, their food, and their endeavors. The cow-bell, a product of the pioneer, was musical, stirring, yet practical withal. Picture the pioneer at dusk, surveying his unfenced lands, and hearing in the distance the faint far-off tinkle of the cow-bell telling him that his cattle were returning home for the night. Crude? Yes. Practical? Most certainly. The pioneer was practical in his government. He hoped for no Utopian rule there in the Wilderness but merely for law, order, and a means of preserving what was rightly his. His government was organized not for oratory or fame but to build schools and roads, to enforce

his simple yet effective code of laws, to preserve peace, and to uphold morality.

We have been thinking for a little of the pioneer as a heroic person, as a persisting person, and as a practical person. But let us not, because of these traits, dehumanize the pioneer. The pioneer would not permit himself to be bereft of laughter by the grimmest of hard surroundings. The pioneer was not a grim, unfeeling, unrelenting piece of human mechanism who could accomplish but who could not enjoy. The pioneer had a sense of humor. He could see the cheerful, the brighter side of life. He could laugh at his troubles and hardships; when situations became impossible the wit of the pioneer saved the day with a joke or the telling of a story. He could play the clown and take a part in fun making with the best of them. His fun may have been homely but it did not harm.

One would think the hard life of the frontier, be it on the plain or in the forest, would have crushed, particularly the lives of the pioneer women, but there is the simple little story of a young pioneer wife who by simple home-made dyes turned a standard blue denim dress to a vivid green and gave withal an appearance of novel texture. On her appearance at church a thrill ran through every feminine heart present with perhaps a greater ecstasy than ever thrilled on a boulevard at first sight of the latest Paris creation.

Wolves, like dogs, agonize at the sound of music. Who but a pioneer could turn a narrow escape from the wolves, into such a humorous revenge as trapping the pursuing pack in the deserted cabin that afforded him refuge and then fiddling to them all night long from his perch in the loft? The very fact that the fiddler was returning through the forest from a pioneer dance, when chased by the wolf pack, shows that the pioneer would not relinquish laughter and dancing even for fever and ague. Truly as great as his heroism, his persistence, and his practicality was the pioneer's determination to laugh and to live.

But now, the consummation of his accomplishments, his life, and his ideals may be placed in the term—the pioneer conquered the material by the spiritual. The pioneer had

the capacity to hold himself to a choice. It was one thing to conceive the idea of a new home in the wilderness against the odds of comfort and easy living in already settled communities. It was another thing to hold himself unflinchingly to his task. The pioneer lived among the hardest of circumstances. Meanness of clothing, coarseness of food, long and cruel winters, floods in the spring—these were some of the circumstances that gave the pioneer the hardest kind of environment.

We know that environment spells disaster to many an enterprise, yet hard as was the environment of the pioneer, still always he had command of his spirit and he rose above his surroundings to be one of the striking figures of the ages. The pioneer was terribly poor; he was poor with a poverty that crushes and belittles many a spirit, but he thot of himself always as a true citizen of a great land, an out-post builder, a founder of cities and states. Yea! the pioneer was poor, but he thought in terms of empire.

And so we hail the memory of the pioneer. We hail him for his heroism, his persistence, for his practicality, for his humor and for his conquest of the material by the spiritual—for his spirit that held him above his environment. And now may we ask ourselves: Is pioneering all to the past? Has America no call for pioneers today? Will not the need for those who have the courage to dare, the character to persist, the wisdom to be practical, the feeling for laughter, and the spirit to accomplish be ever present down through the ages?

The need for the pioneer is yet among us. Then, now, and always the need for the pioneer will be felt. True, the land is cleared; the cities are built; the empire lies from coast to coast—but pioneering lies not in rail-splitting, not in house raising, not in road building, but in the heroism, the persistence, the practicality of those who were pioneers.

Up from log cabin to the capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve,
To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

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MICHIGAN FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS:—
TWENTIETH ANNUAL CONVENTION

BY IRMA T. JONES

LANSING

THE annual mid-year board meeting of the Federation took place at Ann Arbor, April 1 and 2, with the Woman's Club and Woman's League as hostesses. The deliberations of the board were held at Barbour Gymnasium, Mrs. Elnora Chamberlin presiding. Directors Carlisle, Muir and Diggins were detained at home by illness. Mrs. Frank P. Dodge, of Adrian, chairman of the Local Arrangement committee for the next annual convention and Mrs. Nina De Long Sands, Pentwater, Chairman of Program and Mrs. Florence I. Bulson, Jackson, editor of the *Bulletin*, were in attendance throughout the sessions. Mrs. Sarah W. George of Ypsilanti, chairman of Library Extension, attended one session and gave a report of work done by her committee.

Mrs. Lucy White Williams of Lapeer, past-president of the Michigan Federation, General Federation state secretary and treasurer of the General Federation attended the meeting in the interest of the General Federation. She reported that 19 Michigan clubs had taken direct membership in the national body; she also said that there were \$500 in unredeemed pledges for endowment standing on the books of the treasurer; \$2,068.98 having been raised since October 1, 1913. Six clubs were admitted to membership in the State Federation. Fine reports from department chairmen showed great activity and devoted service for the public good along lines looking towards help to humanity either through the education of the individual or the health of the community.

Dean Jordan stated that the L. H. Stone fund was turned over to the University in October, 1906. During the years since, 39 girls have been helped with loans to the amount of \$3,620. She declared it one of the most beneficent gifts ever made to the University.

By vote of the board, the *Bulletin* will hereafter be published on the tenth of the months of October, December, February and April.

The social features were exceptionally brilliant, owing to the fact that it was the time chosen for the presentation of the Junior Girls Play and the annual gymnastic demonstration, the members of the board being guests on both occasions, also at a fine German entertainment at Hill Auditorium, given in connection with the Bismarck celebration held by the Germans of the State.

Dean Jordan entertained with a luncheon, April 1, the Ann Arbor Woman's Club tendering a dinner Wednesday evening. Thursday a delightful luncheon was given by the Woman's Club at the home of Mrs. J. L. Markley, and at six o'clock occurred the annual banquet given by the women of the University which was a brilliant affair from every viewpoint. Dean Jordan acted as toast-mistress, and Dr. Angell and President Hutchins made memorable speeches.

Next in interest came the wonderful Chicago Biennial held in June, concerning which Mrs. Lucy White Williams, General Federation State Secretary, made such an enthusiastic report. She wrote, within the last year 23 clubs came into direct membership with the General Federation. Never before has Michigan had so large a delegation at any Biennial as in Chicago. In part perhaps because the meeting place was so accessible for Michigan women. But it was also due to the fact that her club women are more keenly interested in General Federation affairs. During the Biennial period that closed with the 20th annual convention, Michigan Clubs paid \$3,141.19 to the General Federation endowment fund, with pledges unpaid amounting to \$902, thus completing the full apportionment of \$4,000 and generously exceeding it.

In view of Michigan's debt to the General Federation, it is pertinent to quote some sentences further from Mrs. Williams' report:

"This Chicago convention was a wonderful inspiration to all in attendance. No club with a broad vision of what club

work should be can afford not to belong to the General Federation. It should be as much a part of orthodox club gospel to be a member of the General Federation as it now is to be a member of the State Federation. No club is too small to join the General Federation and have its own delegate in attendance at all conventions."

Much credit is due Mrs. Florence G. Mills, chairman of the Sarah Platt Decker Memorial fund, for her energetic enthusiasm which wrought so efficiently in securing the completion of Michigan's assessment and the payment of 18 per cent more, \$4,747.48.

Mrs. Elnora Chamberlin, president of the State Federation, reported to the Twentieth Annual Convention: "We have been earnestly trying to increase our growth, not only as to membership, but along all lines of departmental work adopted by the federation.

"During the past year 18 clubs have been admitted, one has disbanded, and one withdrawn, making a total of 260 clubs in the Federation at the present time. Through the efforts of our General Federation Secretary 22 clubs were added to the General Federation.

"Whenever your president has visited county organizations or assisted in the work of organization, she has advised four lines of systematic work,—Public Health, Home Economics, Library Extension and Civics. These committees appeal to the average club woman and give an opportunity for practical work.

"Never in the history of the Michigan State Federation, has it been possible to meet its obligations promptly until the present year. Four years ago the Federation voted to increase the club dues. Today by careful management our Federation is on a better financial basis. But our departments could accomplish more, could extend their work into all portions of the State if they had sufficient funds to carry on the work in a dignified manner, and we urge you to carry the message back to your clubs that we as a State need an endowment fund for our own work.

"With the additional aid of generous, kindly disposed club women we have met our apportionment of the General Endowment Fund. This year marks the completion of the Alice Freeman Palmer Scholarship Fund. Let us now concentrate our energies on a State Federation Endowment Fund, that Michigan may be unhampered by lack of means to extend her departments of work.

"In response to a request from the General Federation for a report of Michigan's expenditures for all forms of club activities during the past two years: While some clubs did not respond, sufficient information was secured to give an approximate estimate, that more than \$100,000 was spent for club work during that period.

"This sum is exclusive of the \$135,000 spent for club homes. In Holland and Paw Paw the club women have been able to build homes which are monuments to the unity, purpose and faith in the permanence of the Woman's Club as a social factor.

"A like faith has brought about generous gifts to other clubs. One in Detroit, the gift of Mr. John Dodge in honor of his sister, Mrs. R. H. Ashbaugh; another at Lansing, the gift of Mr. R. E. Olds of that city."

Mrs. Chamberlin asked that the following recommendations be carried by the delegates to their home clubs. Proposed by the President of the General Federation:

1. To provide speakers for state and national meetings to set forth aims and ambitions of our State and General Federation.

2. To provide for a General Federation session and a General Federation Institute at our state meetings.

3. To work for a "teacherage" in each county of the State. To these your president would add the following:

1. To continue activities in the organization of clubs in small communities.

2. To aid in the securing of a ward in the University hospital for advanced cases of tuberculosis; to work for more county sanitariums.

3. To aid in publicity work by sending reports of your club work to the chairman of the press committee.

4. To consider well the need of a State Endowment Fund; and last but not least, that a Peace Committee be added as a sub-committee of the Educational Department.

"The years of this administration have been happy ones; which means, much of serving, much of striving, a great willingness, and best of all a great love."

Ten new clubs were admitted to membership in the Federation at the Adrian meeting.

On Wednesday afternoon occurred a round table report of the Twelfth Biennial led by Mrs. Frances Wheeler Smith. The setting and various salient phases of this great Chicago meeting were ably presented and thoroughly enjoyed by the delegates and visiting friends. An automobile ride, one of the features of the convention, was doubly enjoyable and significant because it came early in the afternoon and because it included a visit to the Industrial Home, especially interesting because of the work of the Legislative Committee for a State Reformatory for Women which would take in the older and criminal women, leaving the Adrian Home for neglected and dependent girls.

Too much can not be said in praise of the music throughout the convention, furnished by local talent, the musical on Wednesday afternoon being much appreciated and enjoyed. The Department Conferences of Tuesday and Thursday afternoons were well attended and evidenced great interest on the part of delegates in the themes presented.

Invitations to hold the Twenty-first Annual Convention of the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs were extended from Lansing and Manistee. The invitation from Lansing was accepted.

The Treasurer reported: Receipts for the year \$3,074.91; Total disbursements, \$2,107.38; Balance in treasury, \$967.53.

An incident of great interest to all Michigan Club women, and reported to the convention was the observance of the Centenary of Lucinda Hinsdale Stone's birthday, September

30, 1914. Never in the history of Kalamazoo has such loyal tribute been paid to the memory of a citizen. As planned by the Kalamazoo Chapter, D. A. R. at six-twenty a. m. the friends and relatives of Mrs. Stone gathered about her grave to hold a "Sunrise Service". Prayer was offered, appropriate hymns were sung followed by brief talks reminiscent of Mrs. Stone's life. The grave was decorated with garden flowers and autumn leaves.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, a tablet to Mrs. Stone's memory, on which was the following inscription, was placed in Bronson Park:

"To Lucinda Hinsdale Stone, Educator, Philanthropist, Friend of Woman, this tablet is placed in grateful memory on the one hundredth anniversary of her birth, September 30, 1914, by the Chapter D. A. R. which bears her name."

The tablet was unveiled by Master William Jones of Winnetka, Ill., the little five year-old great-grandson of Mrs. Stone.

Mayor A. B. Connable accepted the tablet in behalf of the city.

Dr. Herbert Lee Stetson, president of Kalamazoo College, then gave an address on "Mrs. Stone's Contribution to Education," and Mrs. Myra Beach Jordan, dean of women at the University of Michigan and officially appointed by the University to represent that institution on this occasion, gave an address.

A most impressive, solemn and beautiful service occurred in the evening. Many appropriate musical selections were followed by a history of Mrs. Stone's life, by Mrs. Mary C. Hoyt, a lifelong friend: "Reminiscences by her grand-children" and "Tributes to the Memory of a Club Woman" by the three delegates from the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs;—Mrs. Elnora Chamberlin, Hartford; Miss Clara A. Avery, Detroit; Mrs. Florence G. Mills, Kalamazoo. Dean Jordan gave a fine address on "Mrs. Stone's Service to the World as an Educator and Pioneer in Opening the Doors of the University to Women." This address was followed by "Greetings" from the presidents of the local clubs, the Ladies Library

Association, the oldest club in the State, and the Twentieth Century, the last club organized by Mrs. Stone.

"The life and work of this great woman will long be a blessed inheritance for the women of Michigan, stimulating them to greater service for the betterment of the human race."

The compiler can do no better than to close the record of the administration of the twelfth president of the State Federation by condensing a report of the Adrian Convention prepared by Mrs. Grace Greenwood Browne, Federation Press Chairman.

"The proceedings of the annual convention of the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs held this year, October 20-23 in the city of Adrian, showed conclusively what great progress had been made by Michigan women who are diligently working for the uplift of humanity and the promotion of all that is good for the State and its populace.

"There were in attendance 400 representatives, thinking women, officers, department chairmen, committee members and delegates; all evangels of honest, painstaking work.

"The precision with which the various sessions of the convention were conducted and the business-like methods which prevailed throughout, made a striking impression. A reporter in commenting upon the perfect order with which every detail was carried out, stated that the business was conducted with a systematized scheme which would do credit to a legislature of Edward Bellamy's own choice. The program was full of good things: musicals, dinners, receptions, automobile rides and conferences beside the regular set order of business.

"Some notable facts culled from the interesting report of the corresponding secretary are: from 55 clubs at organization, the Michigan State Federation has grown to have 259 affiliated, with a combined membership of 21,079 women; 38 of these clubs are enrolled in the General Federation. Club houses representing a total valuation of \$225,000 are owned by seventeen of the clubs, and 41 club libraries are reported which together contain 27,032 volumes.

"In the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, Associated Charities, Play Ground Associations and Girls Clubs have been organized, all directly or indirectly the out-growth of Women's Clubs, and are engaged in much praiseworthy endeavor. Throughout the State the work among young people as set forth in various papers, proved one of the most popular.

"An important function during the convention was the Department Chairmen's dinner and conference which took place at the Central school building with nearly all of the 27 departments represented. By action taken at that meeting the department dinner and conference became a permanent feature of the annual Federation meetings.

"Several notable speakers were heard during the convention, including Dr. M. V. O'Shea, professor of Education in the University of Wisconsin, who spoke upon 'The Trend of the Teens', holding his audience in rapt attention for an hour and a half. E. H. Lougher, chaplain of the Michigan State Prison, delivered a lecture 'Shackles of the World'. Ruth Butts Carson, late of Florence, Italy, addressed the delegates upon 'Color in Dress,' the talk being illustrated with fabrics, costumes, and dolls. Dr. Rachelle Yarros of Hull House, Chicago, made a strong plea for a single standard of morals and the proper teaching of the young; Hon. A. C. Carton, secretary of the Michigan Public Domain Commission, spoke on 'True Conservation.' Two other interesting addresses were on the 'Montessori Method,' by Mrs. Don Williams of Detroit, and by Lystra W. Gretter on 'The Red Cross in the Present Conflict.'

"Adrian and her delightful hostesses won deserved laurels for unbounded hospitality and charmingly arranged entertainment. It is possible to mention only the more notable of the social features of the convention. An elaborate luncheon was given by the Adrian Woman's Club to the State Officers and Executive Board on Tuesday. The reception at the Masonic Temple on Wednesday evening was the function of the week. The Reception and Recital at Adrian College on Friday evening was a fitting finale to a strenuous week. An excellent

and varied program was presented by the professors at the head of the Conservatory of Music."

It was voted by the convention to endorse the raising of funds for the Michigan Agricultural College Student Aid fund to help worthy young women students by loans when recommended by the President and Dean of Women of that institution. By this action the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs assumed the responsibility of assisting in raising the \$3,000 decided upon as the amount of the fund. About \$244 had been already raised by the M. A. C. Club of East Lansing. Through the efforts of the club with the assistance of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae of Lansing, other clubs have become interested. In March 1912 the fund had grown to \$344. This fund is loaned as the money comes in. When the action was taken at Adrian it was understood that contributions for the fund were not to be urged that year.

The closing of the last session was the most effective in the history of these conventions. The new officers by request of the retiring president took places upon the platform in the order of precedence in office. Two mammoth bouquets of white chrysanthemums were sent to the platform, one to the new president and one to the retiring president. Each officer was introduced in turn. A stanza of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," was sung and the twentieth annual convention of the Michigan Federation of Woman's Clubs was adjourned.

ELNORA CHAMBERLIN,
Twelfth President of the
Michigan State Federation
Of Women's Clubs.
October, 1914.

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

BY AN OLD TIMER

YOU come into camp with a good catch. Tired? Yes rather.

Alphonse, the cook says "dat trout sure weigh two pound and half." You plunge, yes plunge is the word, into the trout, bacon, biscuit and fried potatoes and eat until you can eat no more, fill your pipes and sit down on a log, brim full of the joy of living.

Night has fallen dark and sombrous. The camp fire has burned to a luminous bed of coals, the wild laughter of the loon on the lake has ceased, all is still except that mysterious something you hear and feel in the wild woods. It is the hour the wild life of the forest starts out to kill or be killed. First you hear the hoo-hoo-ah of the big owl answered by its mate, then comes the distant howl of the wolf answered by others, then the full cry of the pack after a deer, the sharp slap of the beaver's tail sounding like the report of a pistol on the water, the flutter of a bird that has been roused out of his slumber by some marauder. There is the dome of leaves over your head with the stars twinkling through like diamonds, the flash of the firelight on the foliage, the gentle murmur of the wind through the forest with a suspicion of Jack Frost in the air. You wrap up in your blankets and lay down on a bed of sweet smelling pine boughs and drop off into a dreamless sleep. All this is yours, and more, when camping out in the wild woods.

When on the—but that is another story, as Kipling says.

A STORY FOR THE KIDS

One day Daddy Bear, Mammy Bear and their two little cubs were going through the woods hunting for something to eat, tearing the bark off the logs after grubs and whatever

These items were written by Mr. W. A. Cox of Cleveland, O., for *The Cleveland Farmer*, published by Mr. Robert H. Wright of Munising, Mich., and reprinted here by permission.

they could find, when all at once Daddy Bear sat up and began to sniff.

Then Mammy and the two little bears sat up and sniffed.

They had got a line on something that smelled mighty good.

Then Daddy Bear dropped down with a "woof" and went helter-skelter through the bush. Mammy Bear followed as hard as she could go and the little bears went squealing after.

Finally they came to a clearing in the bush where there was a pen built of logs, open at one end, with a big log across the open end and brush across the top of the pen. They all sat up and wiggled their noses into corkscrew shapes. Oh, how sweet something smelled.

You see, Joe Briggs, the trapper, had fixed up some honey in birch bark for bait; and if there is one thing that a bear loves more than another it is honey.

So Daddy Bear walks into the pen and takes hold of the bait, when bang! down comes the log across his back, and that was the last of Daddy Bear. Mammy Bear and the little bears were so badly scared that they did not know where to get their supper. Away they went slap, dash through the bush.

Some time after they came back to see if Daddy Bear was there yet. No, Daddy was not there, but the pen was; also that sweet smell. Mammy bear went in to see what it was when down came the big log on her and Mammy Bear was a goner.

Then Joe came along and caught the little bears. He sold them to the park at Marquette and the last he heard of them they had gone to sleep sucking their paws and will not wake up till spring.

The skins of the old bears he sold to a man in Munising who had a buffalo robe made of them.

SOME EARLY HISTORY OF OLD MUNISING

In 1855 a company formed in Philadelphia, Pa., to build a city. They commenced operating in 1850. They owned a tract of land starting about 200 yards south of the tannery plant running down to and including Sand Point. The entire tract

*Finney
Munising
Finney - 697*

was laid out in lots. A beautiful colored map was put out showing hotels, churches, cemetery, parks, fountains and a dock. It looked dandy on paper. Six dwelling houses and a hotel were framed and ready to set up and a complete interior outfit for the hotel was shipped by sailing vessel from Chicago. A crib was built for a steamboat landing. A stage road was cut through the forest fifty miles to Little Bay de Noquette. Object: summer resort. There you have a complete history of Old Munising up to the time the Furnace company commenced operations in 1867.

THE PIONEERS

Trueman W. Powell came to Grand Island in July, 1845. He married a daughter of A. W. Williams. Mrs. Powell was esteemed by all who knew her. Mr. Powell was a successful trapper. One season he caught seventy-five mink, ten otter and a lot of other furs. It was during the Civil War and furs were worth a lot of money then. When the Powell boys grew up they became mighty hunters. One year they killed 232 deer, one bear and one wolf. Aaron Powell, when out hunting, was not happy unless he had two deer on his back and was looking for a third for ballast. There were no game laws at that time to bother the hunter. The greater the number of deer you sent to Detroit the fatter grew your wallet. Now and then hunters got skinned. One firm in Detroit, who handled most of the deer shipped, cut the price down to three cents a pound, claiming the market was overstocked while at the same time they were shipping them to New York, getting twenty cents a pound for venison. They got caught on a 10 bbl. lot that was supposed to be dressed chickens. The venison was confiscated, and they were fined.

HOW MUNISING GOT ITS NAME

The word "Munising" is the corrupted form of the name of an eastern tribe of Indians who were known as the "Minisink." This tribe inhabited the headwaters of the Delaware River and

its members were the leading division of the Munsee Indians, with whom they were often confounded. Their principal village was called "Minisink," meaning the place of the Minsi. One authority gives the original Indian word as "Minasin-ink," meaning "at the place where stones are gathered together."

About the year 1740 the Munsees, composed principally of their division known as the Minisink, moved west. Some members of the tribe settled at the Soo, others went into Canada and some wandered along the south shore of Lake Superior, a few of them locating on the shores of Munising Bay, the name of Munising being a corrupted form of the original Indian word "Min-asin-ink." Thus the name Munising is not derived from any physical peculiarity of this locality, but from a band of wandering Indians who were known by that name and who, at one time, lived at a place whose physical characteristics, which the noun implies, gave them that name.

Edward Menominee was the last chief of the band of Indians who made their homes on the shores of this bay. They were about fifty in number. Their village stood where the tannery is now located. With the advance of civilization and under changing conditions they bought a tract of land three miles from Munising and moved there. Since the new village of Munising started the band became scattered; many died and there are but few of the Munising Indians left.

OLD MUNISING

A rock heap and a few decaying timbers mark the spot of a picturesque ruin at the foot of the hill at old Munising, where the highway makes a turn and wends its way, once fringed with weeds and yet tinged with iron ore, to its terminal at the old boat landing of the old Munising Iron Company. Two weather beaten dwellings still remain. The old red brick school house commands a beautiful view of the harbor and is in a fine state of preservation. It has been modernized and scores of children still scurry through its halls and romp on its playground the

same as they did years ago. The school house, the rock heap, the weather beaten dwellings and the lonely road are all the visible signs of the Munising of other days when the furnace throbbed with life, when the steamboats and the old time white-winged messengers of commerce, discharged and received their cargoes, when the fishermen unloaded tons of whitefish from their pound boats, when the wood-choppers and the charcoal workers went to and from their daily toil, and when a population of four hundred people pursued their busy daily avocations.

On May 31, 1877, the town of Bay Furnace was destroyed by fire and the Bay Furnace Iron Company went out of business. The destruction of that town had its effect on Munising. The Munising Iron Company changed hands and a year later the furnace at Munising went out of blast, never again to resume operations. The company store came into possession of W. A. Cox, long a resident of Cleveland, Ohio, and one of the few survivors of the fur-trading days. Mr. Cox was also postmaster and retained this appointment off and on for twenty years, finally moved to Wetmore. Then Mrs. R. H. Wright became postmistress and held the office until it was discontinued and moved to the Gogarn farm for a brief period. Munising, except for its ruins of former prosperity and activity had now become little more than a memory.

THE PIONEERS

John Murray came to Grand Island in 1845. He was employed by A. W. Williams to teach his family, and later, he taught the Powell children. He had a classical education. For many years he led the life of a recluse.

He was the first supervisor elected in Schoolcraft County. We were in Schoolcraft County. We were at that time attached to Marquette County for judicial purposes.

Murray was said to be of a titled family in Ireland and would have come into an inheritance but that he fled the country because of having killed his cousin in a duel over a girl

with whom they were both in love. Murray died in the year 1876.

I was on the island one day when a steam boat came in for wood. Murray and I were sitting on a log talking, when a dude came ashore with two elegantly dressed ladies. Not having our glad togs on he took us for easy marks for his wit. He began by asking us why we were there and how we lived. Murray's Irish boiled over. I never in all my life heard such a calling down as that fellow got. He gave it to him in Greek, Latin and plain English and finally shouted out, pointing to the boat, "fagnaballa," Irish for clear the way. The dude made for the boat and that was the last seen of him. Shouts went up from the passengers that could be heard for half a mile.

A man's dress does not tell what he may have stored away in his dome of thought.

THE LUMBER JACK

The camps were small, with a caboose in the center where the cooking was done, and a bunk on the ground to accommodate from fifteen to twenty-five men. The men all slept together and the blankets were sewed together making one large spread; marsh hay or balsam boughs were used for feathers. The blankets were densely populated with gray backs and legions of fleas. I once heard a fellow say who had been outside for two or three weeks he had not had a good night's sleep since he left camp. Forty to fifty pair of wet wool socks would be hung around the caboose to dry out and the aroma by morning was thick enough to cut.

I asked Sandy Morrison, the boss, why he did not have the men clean up and his reply was that they would all be as clean as a new pin when the drive gets down. The chuck consisted of mess pork, beans, bread, dried apples, black strap and cheap tea and wages were ten dollars to twenty dollars per month. A part of the crew would be brought in on the last

trip of a lumber vessel and what they did not know about lumbering would fill a very large book.

Timber was to be had for the stealing. I knew one man who could lumber all winter on a forty and have enough of logs running from three to four to the thousand to keep his mill going all summer. The last I heard of him he was living in a palatial residence in Chicago. Another who is living today was at one time foreman of a camp at \$35 a month but has millions to play with now.

So it goes, many get rich stealing the heritage of the people. Some steal direct and others steal in a political way, and the people seem to like it.

THIRTY YEARS LATER

The lumber jack was better cared for, he had bunks to sleep in and the chuck was good. Fresh meat, canned goods, mince meat, potatoes, etc., you would find on the bill of fare in most camps and wages were better. There were always some kickers in camp. Some of them who never had a square meal at home would howl the loudest about the chuck. Some had the hike habit and after staying in camp a short time they would pack their turkey and make for the nearest grog shop or some other camp. They generally traveled in pairs. Then there were the steadies who staid with the company for years. A few of them would go out for a short time and get a skin full of booze and then return to work, but when the camps broke up in the spring they would make for the nearest grog shop and blow in all they had saved during the winter. With some of them their stake would not last twenty-four hours. When they got well soused I have seen them throw a five or ten dollar bill on the bar and ask everybody to come up and have a drink and the bar-keep would sometimes forget to make the change. Others would be "rolled" during the night and they would wake up in the morning dead broke. Their stakes would run from twenty-five to two hundred dollars. Of course there were fights a-plenty and corked boots are bad

medicine for the cuticle. Many of the boys had credit at the bar and after they had been on the drive about a month the saloon man would go out and get an order on the company to balance the account. Pay on the drive ran from \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day and they earned it working all day in ice water and walking two or three miles to camp in the evening wet to the skin. They were a good hearted lot of men and if one of them fell ill or met with an accident they would all chip in and raise a pot to send him outside for repairs.

CAUGHT IN THE SQUALL OFF SABLE BANKS

About forty-five years ago a sailing vessel came creeping into the harbor. Most of her sails were in rags and she was low in the water. The crew was working away at the pumps. We hailed them as they were passing the dock but got no answer. One of the sailors pointed to the head of the bay.

The Captain's story: "We were bound down with a load of ore. When off the Sable Banks we were caught in a squall that carried away some of our sail and the ship sprung a leak. I came about and headed for Grand Island. I ran her on the beach at the head of the bay. We ran a cable ashore and made fast to a tree. We all turned in as we were completely tired out. My men had been at the pumps ten hours. I woke up about ten o'clock at night and found myself in the water. We reached the deck, got into the yawl and got away from the vessel about ten minutes before she went down, but three of my crew were drowned."

Two of them were found on the beach near Old Munising. The third never was found. The vessel was raised and towed to Murray Bay where she was abandoned.

AN OLD-TIME JAMBOREE

The boys had been off the drive for several days and they had had their regular dose of poison and were trying to decide on their next move. At that moment they observed Dave coming

out of the store with a sack of flour on his back. Bobby remarked:

"See that son-of-a-gun going out of the store with a sack of flour. Boys, I'll bet a keg of beer that he hasn't got a drop of whiskey in the house."

The crowd finally decided to make a start for the shack next morning. The question of supplies came up. Bill said he guessed about six quarts of whiskey and a keg of beer. The other two thought that would be about right. As for chuck, Bobby said that he had some flour and thought he had some pork and then there was plenty of fish in the lake. Anyhow they could get what they wanted from W. A. They accordingly call on W. A. for a couple of loaves of bread and two pounds of bologna sausage. In the morning they loaded up at "Jim's" in a dilapidated buggy and a horse to match. On their way to the shack the buggy was wrecked and the horse got away from them. On the morning of the second night before, the booze was all gone, the boys had a terrible burning thirst, and the keg of beer lay at the foot of the hill some distance from the shack. The spigot was lost. Bobby stood the keg up in a dishpan and shot a hole through it with his rifle, saving the waste in the pan, and the boys had something to cool them off. Oh, boys, them were the happy days! (?)

Hist. Text Review

HISTORICAL NOTES

OF censorship of history textbooks there is no end; nor should there be, if, as seems obvious, the people who support a school and supply it with pupils have any legitimate concern with the character and ideals of the institution's resultant output. The most recent exploit to come to our attention concerns the highly respectable and patriotic American Association of University Women. Three years ago, we learn from a recent press report, the Association conceived (in collaboration with the World Federation of Educational Associations) the project of making a comprehensive survey of textbooks in use in the United States to discover their teaching on the subject of war, and their resultant influence with respect to this subject on the minds of the pupils.

If one may judge from the report at hand, the survey was conducted about as well as an inquest of this sort ever is (or can be). Twenty-six high-school and seventy-five grade-school texts, in use in the schools at the present time supplied the material for the inquiry. A reading committee of forty teachers—grade-school, high-school, and college—was organized and each of the one-hundred of the several hundred texts was reported upon by three readers. To afford a unit of measurement for these readers a statement of "standards" (too long to reproduce here) for history textbooks was formulated. To the present commentator this statement seems reasonable, in the main, although gravely questionable in certain respects; but it is pertinent to observe that back of any such formulation must lie a set of ideas and ideals to which the formulator himself subscribes; and no statement dealing with the tremendous and complicated subject of war can possibly amount to more than an expression of conviction or desire held by the speaker himself. Before one can measure the excellence of the textbooks, there must be some agreement upon a valid standard of measurement, and failing this the pro-

nouncement issued merely adds one more item to the existing mass of propaganda on the subject.

By way of illustration, let us proceed to examine the examination which the Association conducted. The fifth "standard" formulated for the guidance of its readers says (in part): "Wars were an instrument or means among the primitive peoples and of use when nations had little other contact. It should be kept before the student that civilization and its advance is marked by the turning away from the military and accepting the civil rule." The formulation, we submit, finds no support in history, however accurately it may express the pacifist mode of thought of the last few years. The United States is not a "primitive people" nor is it denied means of "contact" with other peoples. It is identified with the promotion of peace at least as conspicuously as any other nation. Yet in the last one hundred fifty years we have had six major wars and unnumbered minor ones. Our major wars have been with Great Britain (two), Mexico, Spain, Germany, and ourselves (the Civil War). Where is the investigator who will undertake to demonstrate that these wars were occasioned by lack of contact with the nations we fought? Was there any conspicuous lack of contact with Germany prior to 1914, with Spain prior to 1898, with Mexico prior to 1846, or with England in 1812 and 1776? On the contrary, was it not excess of contact with certain conditions which in each instance the majority of our people came to regard as intolerable which explains every one of these wars?

Moreover, we confidently challenge the argument (clearly implied although not specifically stated) that all wars are unduly costly, having in view the "meagerness of the gains." Will any reader or any investigator affirm that the cost of the American Revolution was too high a price to pay for American independence? If so, will he then tell us his estimate of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, and the other architects of that movement? If these men were blind leaders of the blind in a foolish and sinful enterprise, then, indeed, are our textbooks in need of thorough-going re-

vision. Again, the Civil War still remains our greatest (or most infamous, depending upon the point of view) military enterprise. James Buchanan refused to begin it, and Abraham Lincoln promptly did so. Moreover, once in, Lincoln held us to the task through four awful years, steadily repelling every overture for peace on terms which should fall short of the conditions he deemed essential. More than any other man, Abraham Lincoln was responsible for the beginning and the continuance of the war. Was the cost to the United States of the Civil War incommensurate with the results obtained? We do not think so. If any of the investigators concerned in applying this test to our history textbooks does, we will cheerfully grant him as much space in this REVIEW as he may think necessary to demonstrate that pacifist James Buchanan was a greater and wiser statesman than militant Abraham Lincoln, and that instead of the latter, the former should be the object of the world's adoration.

A three-year investigation of scores of textbooks cannot receive adequate discussion here, and the "standard" we have briefly commented upon has been selected merely for illustrative purposes. We cannot fail to note the recommendation made by the Committee which conducted the inquiry that the American Association of University Women establish a standing committee on textbooks to maintain a continuing investigation and censorship of their contents. There is nothing novel about such an undertaking, for school histories have long been the object of such attentions at the hands of interested individuals and organizations. The Association of University Women may operate more wisely than its predecessors in the field; whether it does or no, we feel sure it is animated by motives no less pure than those of its predecessors and present rivals. So far as the teaching of history in the public schools is concerned, academic freedom is but a non-existent illusion. Mr. Bryan, wrong in many things, was absolutely right in this, that someone must evidently determine what should be taught in the schools, and that that someone should be the people who support them. They should, and they will;

as instance the present enterprise of that fraction of them comprised in the American Association of University Women.—Editorial by Dr. M. M. Quaife in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*.

DR. M. M. Quaife who in 1924 became editor of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* has been obliged to relinquish that position due to increased demands upon his time for editorial work connected with the Burton Historical Collection. These six years of work upon the *Review* have made up a scholarly record for Dr. Quaife that in our opinion fully maintains the ideals of the Association, and of his brilliant predecessor Prof. Clarence W. Alvord of the University of Illinois. It is with sincere regret that especially the younger scholars of mid-America will contemplate the necessity of his withdrawal. Michigan in particular has been proud of the honor of having the editorial work of the *Review* issue from the mind of one of its distinguished citizens, albeit Michigan is his adopted State. Best wishes to Dr. Quaife's successor, Dr. Arthur C. Cole, Ohio State University.

THE June number of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* carries an excellent article on "The St. Joseph Mission" by George Paré, member of the Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, who for several years has been engaged upon a history of Catholicism in Michigan in anticipation of the centennial (to be celebrated in 1933) of the founding of the Diocese of Detroit.

Also of special interest to Michigan readers in this number is "An appraisal of the Contributions of George Rogers Clark to the History of the West" by Prof. James Alton James, which the author has based largely upon his volume, *Life of George Rogers Clark* (Chicago, 1928).

Dr. M. M. Quaife contributes an appreciative estimate of the monumental *Dictionary of American Biography* of which the fourth volume has recently appeared (Scribners, 1930).

MRS. FRANC L. ADAMS, for many years Secretary of the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society, passed away at her home in Mason July 5 at the age of 76. Mrs. Adams was born at Fillmore, N. Y., and spent her early life at Middlesex, N. Y. before coming to Ingham County. For many years she served as Historian of the Lansing D. A. R. She served as president of the Phil McKernan post of the Women's Relief Corps at Mason, and for several years was treasurer of the department of Michigan of W. R. C., also serving as press correspondent. As a member of the American Legion Auxiliary, Mason, she helped organize the department of Michigan of that body, and served as chairman and publicity director of the sixth district. She also originated the installation, initiation and memorial services adopted by the organization. Among other distinctions she was parliamentarian of the Ingham County Federation of Women's Clubs, member of the Michigan Women's Press Association, and since 1926 a member of the Michigan Authors Association. Among her numerous writings she will be best remembered for her *History of Ingham County, Michigan* published in 1923.

THE practical extinction of the forests of Michigan is a serious indictment against the commonwealth. Its apparently inexhaustible lumber resources especially of pine timber have disappeared in less than a century. The first man-power sawmill was erected on the Flint River in 1830. This method of cutting was superseded by steam-power in 1835. The national panic of the 1840's produced an inevitable decline, which was followed by super-productive periods during the 1850's, 1860's, 1870's, and early 1880's. The beginning of the 20th century brought about a decrease in manufacturing, and the logging industry made its exit. Michigan's forests are now a memory, but present replantings indicate that an important crop will again be harvested in about fifty years.

The following poem which was awarded second place in the poetry contest of the Michigan Authors Association for 1930, we are glad to print here, as an expression of the belated realization and regrets of our people.

SO PASSED THE PINES

BY CECILIA MALONEY

SAGINAW

The wild quick-silver winds that rang with song
Are hushed beneath the harsh burnt-over breeze;
Her woods are draped in twilight where the long
Dim dust-robos of the dead enclose her trees.
Why sing of Death, you say, when April trips
With shining sun-flecked footsteps down the plain:
Why sing of Death, you say, when summer dips
Her slender wind-ringed fingers in the grain.
Are not these proofs of life, that autumn sheaves
Burst with the full ripe sweetness of their stores?
Are not these proofs of life, that winter leaves
A lasting pledge of springtime at her doors?
Are not these proofs of life, that every hill
Shall watch the dead and Death itself grow still?

And yet I sing of Death, though youth and love
Will walk the ways of romance down the years;
And yet I sing of Death, though you above
May watch this endless earth obscure my tears.
I sing of Death, remembering still that man
Shall see his past reborn in future lines;
I sing of Death, of Death in Michigan,
I sing the last sad requiem of her pines
Whose groves are draped in twilight while the haze
Of twice five-thousand eons blurs her skies
As pale mound-builders march down phantom days
That only Time can measure with her eyes.
I sing of these, of fallen towers that stood
Where crowding walls blot out the columned wood.

Whose peaks were tipped with stars the August night
That Raven-Eye, Sauk Chief of peaceful fame,
Took for his bride the swift young Laughing Light,
More lovely than the image of her name.
Soft moon-mist fell around them while the sweet
Cool cadenced dusk dripped on the tribal fire,
And no one saw those stealthy Indian feet
Crawl up, crouch down, stand poised and then retire
Back in the corn. Creep up and up to bring

Their still straight bodies close—creep up and lunge
Into a still straight file—creep up and spring.
Down on the dance with sharp, quick, savage plunge.
Thus came the cruel, strong, and conquering Chippewa
To slay the tranquil Sauks of Saginaw.

Wide wings of clouds drift inward where the sea
Rolls with a thundering sadness down a land
Whose sidewalks run through green immensity
To seek the end of nowhere in the sand.
Here hearthstones are a void that sinks in dust;
And laughter but the swan-song of a smile;
The present and the past a road of rust
That trickles through the stillness, mile on mile
Across the dark, a dark that wore the bloom
Of rose-rimmed dawns, a dark that sucked the breath
Of demon fire, a dark that is a tomb
More dreadful and more deep than any Death.
This is Au Sable, rocked by eerie moans,
Cradle of kings, and crypt of martyred bones.

There is no branch beyond Death's final reach;
No door it cannot turn, though youth and age
Press tightly on the lock; no pleading speech
That can hold back its touch; no lyric page
But must release the pen; no soil or wave
But hides defeated flesh; no prince or throne
That can resist the shroud; no queen or slave
But must annex her dreams and blood with stone.
All these have passed: the blue camp smoke that curled
On crisp song-throated air, the black and red
Of plaided blazer coats, log-jams that hurled
So many dreams to join the dreamless dead.
All these are one in that congealing Frost—
Their sights forgot, their sounds forever lost.

These too have passed: those tuneful groves that heard
The surge of ocean-lakes, the tinselled call
Of forest lutes, that felt the home-bound bird
Reclaim their boughs with spring, that wore the pall
Of twinkling snow. All these were woods that stretched
Shade-mantles on bleak mounds. All these have flung
Their grandeur to the grave. All these have etched
Star-spires on Heaven's gates. All these were young,

All these are of the dead. All these are drear
Ghost-regions of black stumps that must reflower
In barren arcs of space. Too late the tear
Falls on the root bereft of rising power.
So passed the pines. I sing their epitaph—
Forgetful that the voice descends on chaff.

“THE hills were just green again. Between the stumps on the steep slopes where grass had come to life, a half score of live stock fed on the first feeble pasture. On the valley floors and straggling valiantly up the hills, hundreds of new log buildings made a patchwork settlement—Williamsburg, Rosendale, Webster.

“It was all new, raw; it was all extravagant, rough; it was all boisterous, tense. Overhead huge fleecy-white clouds drifted across a blue May sky; on the ridges the faint green of new foliage lay like a mist on the hardwood. New country, new people, new industry. It all held the sharp, jagged edge of newness. It was 1858.

“This was the Ontonagon country.”

This is the opening of the story of the discovery of copper in the Ontonagon Country, told by Mr. James K. Jamison in *Red Metal*, the latest pamphlet in the “Northern Hardwood Chips” series, being published by the *Ontonagon Herald* at Ontonagon, Michigan. It is a realistic story told with the skill of a trained writer who sees the essentials and can clothe them in the language of romance. It is good history as well as good reading.

TO Prof. Claude H. Van Tyne of the University of Michigan was awarded posthumously the Pulitzer prize of \$2,000 for the best book on United States history written during the year 1929. For review of this volume, *The War of Independence; American Phase* see the Spring number of the Magazine, 1930.

DR. RANDOLPH G. ADAMS, Librarian of the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor sends us the following note in response to inquiry about the Gage Papers:

The Gage Papers, recently purchased by Mr. Clements, were the papers of Sir Thomas Gage, commander-in-chief of the British Forces in North America 1763-1775 and Governor of Massachusetts 1774-1776. Gage's command included the whole of British North America, the Bermudas, the Bahamas and part of the West Indies. His papers include the correspondence one would expect to find—incoming originals and retained copies of outgoing letters—with:

- A. The Home Government
 - 1. Army officials in England
 - 2. Secretaries of State
 - 3. Secretaries at War
 - 4. Officials of the Treasury
 - 5. Judge Advocate General
 - 6. Board of Ordnance
 - 7. Paymaster General of the Forces
 - 8. Board of Trade
 - 9. Admiralty
- B. American civil officials
 - 1. Colonial governors, lieutenant governors, presidents of councils, etc.
 - 2. Other colonial officials
 - 3. Spanish and Danish governors
 - 4. Commissioners of the Customs in America
- C. American military officers, and persons connected with the army
- D. American naval officials
- E. Departments of Indian Affairs
- F. Surveyors General of Lands
- G. American civilians
 - 1. Merchants, contractors, agents, etc.
 - 2. Prominent civilians, miscellaneous persons, etc.
- H. Miscellaneous.

In addition to the correspondence there are a number of proclamations, addresses, petitions, warrants, financial papers, legislative proceedings, etc. and 76 maps. The maps are all manuscript save five, and are mostly by Pitman, Holland, Brazier, Montresor, Ratzer and other engineers and surveyors.

Of particular interest to Michigan are the letters to and from the various commandants and officers at Detroit and Michilimackinac throughout the period of Gage's command, in all some 420 letters. They include those relative to Major Robert Rogers and his arrest, and Major Gladwin's dispatches during Pontiac's conspiracy.

A preliminary survey yields promising results, for Gage's letter files are, apparently, almost complete. The papers are now at Mr. Clement's home in Bay City where they will be catalogued before they are sent to the William L. Clements Library in Ann Arbor.

A \$3,000 prize contest for the best literary work on "The Soul of America" has been announced by the National Arts Club through President John G. Agar, who stated that the object of the award was to stimulate the writing of a work which will reveal the soul of America as distinguished from books in which the authors thoughtlessly praise or condemn the national character. The award will be made by a committee of members of the National Arts Club consisting of William Allen White, Chairman, Mary Austin, Hamlin Garland, Ida Tarbell and Henry Goddard Leach.

Under the rules of the contest, manuscripts submitted may be in any literary form—novel, history, poetry or critical essay—but only those presenting a constructive view of America, as implied in the title to be given the prize-winning work, will be considered by the committee. It is the feeling of those who are sponsoring "The Soul of America" contest that the post-war literature of the past decade has been given largely to magnifying national faults and to a cynical criticism of passing phases of our national life. In the deluge of such books, Mr. Agar said, the underlying character of America, its achievements and its ideals, have been submerged. He expects that the \$3,000 prize, with all rights reserved, will serve to bring out another and older view of the aspects of our civilization which are fundamental and admirable.

The rules pertaining to the submission and choice of the best work on "The Soul of America" are as follows: The manuscripts to be considered must be from 40,000 to 100,000 words in length. Only those works written between March 31st, 1930 and April 1, 1931, will be eligible for the competition. All manuscripts must be forwarded to "The Soul of America" Committee, the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park, New York City, not later than April 1, 1931. The manuscripts will be submitted anonymously and no prize will be awarded if, in the judgment of the Committee, no work is worthy of the prize. The judgment of the Committee will be final.

In connection with the submission of manuscripts to "The Soul of America" committee, the author, whose name must not appear on the manuscript, is requested to write a letter to the Executive Secretary of the National Arts Club, marking on the envelope containing it the words "Personal and Confidential." In this letter the author will give his or her name and address, and state the title of the manuscript submitted. The Executive Secretary of the Club will be the only one to see these letters until after the Committee has announced its award.

The choice of the committee will be announced publicly on June 1, 1931, and the award itself will be presented to the winning author at the opening of the annual Book Exhibition at the National Arts Club on Wednesday evening, November 4, 1931. The prize book will be published during the fall of that year.

All rights in the manuscript and book shall remain in the author, and all manuscripts will be returned.

Enclosed **T**HE United States Commission for the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington in 1932 is now actively functioning. The administrative organization is under the supervision of two Associate Directors, Representative Sol Bloom of New York, and Lieut. Colonel U. S. Grant, 3d.

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HISTORIAN

Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, Massachusetts

To reach every church, home, school and all civic organizations, and thus bring a revival of patriotic devotion to every man, woman and child in America with an appreciation of George Washington and what he stands for in our national life, is the broad purpose of the Associate Directors. Governors of the various states have been requested to take active measures to organize state agencies that will take charge of state celebrations in cooperation with the National Commission.

School children will be given special instruction in the history and significance of those events in which Washington played so important a part. An American flag for every church, home, school and all suitable public buildings is an outstanding feature of the program.

Music of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods is now being collected and this will be republished for nation-wide distribution among schools, clubs and musical organizations.

John Philip Sousa and other great composers have offered to write commemorative compositions in honor of the Father of His Country.

The collection and publication of all of Washington's essential writings, public and private, personal letters from the original manuscripts, etc., to be printed in approximately twenty-five volumes, has been authorized by Congress as a Memorial Edition.

A great historic sound motion picture in natural colors, in which the motion picture industry, the federal government, foreign governments and other agencies are to participate, will depict the life of George Washington and reanimate the many scenes of his more distinguished services to his country. This magnificent picture, it is believed, will be the most advanced piece of motion picture artistry yet produced and it will be made available for use, either in whole or in part, in every town, hamlet and city in the country.

Posters, calendars, charts, maps showing Washington's travels, as well as reprints of his principal writings and speeches and tributes from the most famous Americans of today upon various phases of his life and character, will be widely distributed.

It is intended that the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington shall be observed throughout the entire year of 1932, but a concentration of effort will begin with Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1932, and continue until Thanksgiving Day of that year. In view of the large number of people who will wish to visit the City of Washington in order to see not only the government buildings and activities there concentrated, but also the many nearby historic shrines and spots connected directly with the private life and work of George Washington, special arrangements will be made by the District of Columbia Bicentennial Commission to find accommodations for and give information to the visiting public while sojourning in the city.

Early in the formulation of the Commission's plans, it was decided that this nation-wide Celebration should not be based

upon material manifestations of patriotic fervor. It was considered far better that the event be more in the nature of a revival of appreciation of the example and ideals of George Washington throughout the United States and that, although certain events must necessarily take place in the Capital City, the essential thought behind the whole program is for this great Celebration to be truly all-American and to be participated in by all the people.

Nothing in the nature of an exposition or anything emphasizing the mere material growth of the nation is in contemplation. The celebration will be in the hearts of a grateful people and the expression of that gratitude and reverent remembrance will be of a lofty yet simple character befitting both the man—George Washington—and the United States itself.

Recently Governor Green appointed the following persons members of the Washington Bicentennial Committee for Michigan: Dr. Arthur E. Boak, History Department, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor—Chairman; Prof. Carl E. Pray, Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti; Dean E. H. Ryder, Michigan State College, East Lansing; Prof. Smith Burnham, Western State Teachers College, Kalamazoo; Prof. Claude S. Larzelere, Central State Teachers College, Mount Pleasant; Prof. L. A. Chase, Northern State Teachers College, Marquette.

A BIOGRAPHY of John Marsh by Dr. George D. Lyman which is to be published by Scribners sometime this fall promises to be of considerable interest to Michigan people. Marsh was at one time Indian Agent at Prairie du Chien. He was a friend of Governor Cass to whom he makes frequent reference in his letters, and by whom he was appointed a justice of the peace of Crawford County, Michigan Territory.

MICHIGAN MAGAZINE (C. E. Kimball, publisher, Petoskey, Mich.) contains in the May number, 1930, "Michigan and the Republican Party," by Rhea Kimball McColl, a thoughtful and well written sketch of the party's

fortunes from its founding at "Jackson under the Oaks" to the present year.

MICHIGAN STATE LIBRARY BULLETIN for June 1930 contains a valuable article on "State Documents—Their Use and Value," by Miss Marjorie Hazard, of the Michigan State Library, being a paper read by her at the district round table held May 7 at Howell.

WANTED

There is a strong demand for any numbers of the *Michigan History Magazine* for the years 1917, 1918, 1919, and 1920. Persons who possess any of these numbers and wish to sell them should communicate with the Michigan Historical Commission.

AMONG THE BOOKS

THE WESTERN WAY: THE ACCOMPLISHMENT AND FUTURE OF MODERN DEMOCRACY. By Frederic Jesup Stimson, Scribners, N. Y., 1929, pp. 390. Price \$3.50.

Frederick Stimson is well known to readers of our constitutional and legal history through his earlier works, particularly *The American Constitution* and *Popular Law Making*. His present volume has more than national scope and significance. It treats the problems faced by modern democracies throughout the world. More specifically, it answers certain foreign critics of democracy. Its tone is confident and affirmative. It shows that democracy in America, despite a surface materialism, has evolved a technique of living in material comfort for the masses which is to afford the foundation for a new and more practical idealism. His chapter on "America's Accomplishment" is specially illuminating.

"American democracy," he says, "has much to teach the world,—and some things not to forget. Modern democracies, new-made in Europe, in general must steer between the Scylla of a Mussolini and the Charybdis of a Bolshevik serfdom. But as ancient democracies perished from foreign aggression or corruption, we Americans no longer fearing the former, must keep pure from the latter. And never was it so true that, from the danger of tyranny by uneducated majorities ignorant of the past, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. The great lesson our own democracy is teaching an amazed world, is the possibility, economically speaking, of everybody's enjoying a wide and full life in large part free of the primal curse of labor. . . . But France, Germany, Italy can still show our masses how best to use their leisure. England can teach us character and conduct. And the Orient more than ever contributes to our thought and art."

Prof. Stimson, for many years Professor of Comparative Legislation at Harvard University, has enjoyed the opportunity of being American Ambassador to several foreign countries, where trained observation has enriched his knowledge of the workings of government and the interrelations of factors of great civilizations.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG. By Rudolph Weterstetten and A. M. K. Watson. Macmillan Co., 1930, pp. 276. Price \$2.50.

This is the life story of a powerful personality, a human story, which will appeal to all who respect the primary qualities of great character. Energy, initiative, self-reliance, tenacity, intelligence, sympathy, adaptability, all are here.

The day seems past among intelligent Americans when they can not appreciate the elements of greatness in the leaders of enemy nations involved in the World War. It is significant that in the great stories of the war which have appeared in recent years from the press of both Germany and America there is almost an entire absence of bitterness of enemy soldiers towards each other in the trenches, each regarding the others as victims of a fate that was impersonal and inescapable. It is universally recognized that the real bitterness was on "the home fronts." Now it is dying there, is in fact dead.

We have learned well some lessons of the war. We have learned that it is by no means certain the World War would not have come even if Germany had been democratically organized. The conflict of ideas and ambitions would still have permeated Europe and perhaps no "balance of power" theory of adjustment could have permanently stayed off the evil day. It doubtless would have come in a different manner. In the old days war was fostered by rulers as a kind of game, in which they were interested for its own sake. Or they had need to forestall internal revolution by precipitating external conflict. Germany, Austria and Russia were doubtless all influenced by this motive in 1914. Yet democracy gives no absolute guarantee that an energetic militant faction may not grasp the lead and rush a nation into war at a serious crisis. Something like this seems to be what happened in the firing on Fort Sumter at the beginning of our Civil War.

We have learned at least one great principle, that no nation however powerful can hope to thrive by power alone, that it must have the good will of its neighbors. The World War vindicated among other things the moral unity of mankind against aggressive national self-assertion. For all time it has registered the certainty of defeat of smug self-sufficiency and the spirit of domination. There will probably be wars in the future but they will be wars within an organized international group where the struggle will be more or less subject to general control. The World War demonstrated that nations are normally moral agents and subject to control by the opinion of the world as to what is honorable. And no great figure of our time now knows this better than Paul von Hindenburg.

When his nation called him, von Hindenburg answered the call of patriotism as any man might have done. "To become a soldier was not a decision for me—it was a matter of course," he says. At eleven years of age he passed through the iron gates of the military school in Wahlstatt, and from then on his lot was determined. At almost seventy years of age, at the outbreak of the World War, he was made Commander-in-Chief of all the German armies in the East. There have been other generals who in their old age have fought and won battles,

but no other in our memory after four years of gruelling warfare has had to conduct the return of a defeated soldiery into a starving and revolutionary country. In 1925 von Hindenburg was elected President of the Republic of Germany and faced the gigantic task of uniting the country and rehabilitating it in the eyes of the world; today, at eighty-three, still President, he has the approval of the world for the honest manner in which he set himself to the task and carried it forward.

This biography pictures him not only as a soldier but as a statesman. When the history of the present has become old, Paul von Hindenburg will be honored as the man who saw through the perplexing tangle of present-day affairs and showed the new Germany her appointed path by which the German people should once more occupy their old, honorable place in the work of the world.

A LIAS UNCLE SHYLOCK. By Herbert W. Fisher, Boni, N. Y., 1927, pp. 214, Price \$2.50.

One picks up this volume challenged by its title and is half through the book before recalling that he merely meant to sample it. Whether or not one agrees with Mr. Fisher, one is immensely entertained by the style of this treatment of what he calls the "tragi-comedy" of the setting and course of the World War. The author's insight is penetrating; not only for facts but for motives. "Longing is not enough. You cannot mend a clock till you study its works," he says, recalling Proudhon's "Men will never abolish war till they understand it." To the pacifist he says, "Good-will is not the cause of peace—it is the effect." One will read this book as he will read a good novel, for entertainment, but its instruction will exceed. Mr. Fisher is a member of the Michigan Authors Association, and won first place in the recent essay contest.

LIFE AND TIMES OF STEVENS THOMSON MASON, THE BOY GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN. By Lawton T. Hemans. Second edition. Michigan Historical Commission, Lansing, pp. 528. Price \$1.

This edition of a volume long out of print has been issued to meet an increasing demand for copies of this "Life" of Michigan's first governor. The edition is limited to a thousand volumes and is intended for libraries accessible to the public, but a limited number will be sold to individuals at approximately the cost price. No better comment on the volume could be made than Mrs. Hemans' beautiful story of a life time of love and labor which the author gave to this work, as told in the preface, at the close of which she writes:

"This story was written entirely in the evenings after the hard day's work upon his usual daily tasks at his office. This for many years

was his source of pleasure, all he seemed to yearn for; he seemed to love this Boy Governor and his life and times like a sweetheart. Page after page flew from his fingers only to be re-written time and again; never would a page be considered to be perfectly right or fit until I had carefully listened to his reading of it; the chapters and the story became so familiar to me that I knew it almost as well as he. In my memory there stands out so vividly Mr. Hemans at his table in our old Mason home, pen in hand happily engaged in his work. His fear was that he would never see it finished, but he would remark, 'Wife, it has been worth all the effort.' I have spent days in the Detroit Public Library reading old Detroit newspapers of the years 1837-1845, carefully reading those old musty pages to get some interesting item for him. Also I spent some time at Marshall, Mich., with Mr. John Patterson, a Marshall pioneer, who had a valuable collection of early newspapers. All my labors were labors of love and the delight expressed on his face when I would return from a search of that kind was a payment enough for me. Now if in return the people of Michigan will read this volume and find in it any interesting and helpful thoughts it will be a great pleasure to me and somehow I feel that Mr. Hemans from 'The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere' will know that his labor of love was not all in vain."

THE ST. LAWRENCE NAVIGATION AND POWER PROJECT. By Harold G. Moulton, Charles S. Morgan and Adah L. Lee. The Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C., 1929, pp. 675. Price \$4.

A complete and authoritative study of the St. Lawrence project from the viewpoints both of water-power and transportation, with reference to both Canada and the United States. Of special interest is the chapter on the relation of the proposed waterway to agricultural relief. Canadian aspects of the project are treated in co-operation with Duncan A. MacGibbon of the University of Alberta, a Canadian authority on transportation problems. Special attention is given to the question of the marketing of the United States' share of the power to be developed in the International Rapids section of the river. Technical questions have received help from expert industrial traffic managers and from steamship companies.

Introductory chapters give a *résumé* of the arguments for a St. Lawrence Deep Waterway and sketch the history and present status of the project. The specific question of the depth of the channel required is considered in detail. Other special features discussed are the ship owner's problem, the cost, the available traffic, relation to traffic congestion and railway rate control. Chapter XI in a dozen pages gives a general summary and conclusions.

The latter two-thirds of the volume is devoted to Appendices containing a great variety of detailed information supporting the text.

MEN, MONEY, AND MOTORS: THE DRAMA OF THE AUTOMOBILE. By Theodore F. McManus and Norman Beasley. Harpers, N. Y., 1929, pp. 284. Price \$3.

It is amazing to think that less than thirty years ago the forces began to focus which have produced what is perhaps the world's greatest industry. The story of civilization is involved in the story of transportation. Civilization depends upon transportation, and the future of transportation industries therefore is likely to be as unlimited as the future of civilization. The present volume is about men who pioneered in automobiles. It is a story of rugged picturesqueness, of sturdy heroism in gigantic undertakings. In it we pass from the Detroit of the 90's, slumbering in the shade of its trees and fanned by the breezes from its wide river to the Detroit of today with its gigantic brick and steel and stone industrial institutions. Romance, color, drama, life, as thrilling as any novel in this story of the steady glow of achievement, with here and there its subversion of hopes and its somber stitchings of tragedy.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MICHIGAN AUTHORS. By Madge Knevels Goodrich, A. M. Printed at Richmond, Virginia, by the Richmond Press, Inc., 1928, pp. 222. Price \$2.50.

This volume is the best systematic work that has been done in this field. "Michigan author" is here used for all authors of Michigan birth or residence, and they are treated in three groups: (1) citizens native-born and those who came into the State before 1920; (2) native-born authors who have left the State; (3) authors who have spent some time in the State. A reference classification is added under "Arts, Fine," "Arts, Useful," "Biography," "Education," "History," "Literature and Language," "Philosophy," "Psychology," "Science," "Sociology," "Religion," "Travel and Description." There is also a general author index. For the works of writers who are no longer living the volume is fairly complete; new editions should easily keep it up to date.

THE ASKING PRICE. By Helen Hull. Coward-McCann, Inc., N. Y., 1930, pp. 370. Price \$2.50.

Helen Hull, distinguished member of the Michigan Authors Association, is a native of Lansing, Michigan, and by profession is a teacher of English in Columbia University. She is the author of *Islanders*, another novel with a Michigan setting, which was reviewed in this Magazine for July, 1927.

While the scene of the present novel is laid in Michigan, it might have been laid in any other State, since its theme is universal. It is the story of a potential artist's strong but losing fight to keep alive his artistic instincts against the determined opposition of a practical and clever wife. The theme is "modern", but presumably it pertains to all time. Miss Hull's handling of it has distinguished merit in many ways. When the curtain rises we see a number of persons charged with character in a dynamic situation. The conflict is implicit and interest is at once aroused. Interactions, incitements, adjustments develop both the persons and the situation. The central issue emerges early in the story and we watch the clash of human forces with unabated interest. The characters, even the minor ones, live; the plot is natural; the story moves straight on. Our best guesses are disappointed but the *dénouement* is satisfying. The final touch in which Gilbert, defeated, passes on the torch to his daughter, is most charming.

In explanation of her theme Miss Hull writes:

"The encouragement for artistic production seems to begin after achievement, not during the years of creation. If you cast an eye over the lives of the creators of the past, you will find that these artists were seldom respected in their home towns, they were indifferent husbands, poor providers, neglectful fathers, and worse. But good citizens feel rightly that heretical opinions and scandalous behavior cannot be encouraged. If a man is queer, if he fails to conform, he should be frowned into his proper place. If he insists upon going his own wild way, heave a stone at him. Let the next generation lift the stone into a commemorative monument if it must; how can his own generation foresee such an outcome?

"Given a person with full equipment for taking in experience, substitute sympathy for hardness, a recognition of responsibility for indifference, reasonableness instead of egotistic drive, and you have a character who can be warped in beside the dock of respectable success in business, in marriage, in everything except the expression he has desired for himself.

"Oliver of The Asking Price has been called frustrated, pusillanimous, weak. His difficulty was that he never rationalized his defeats. Most of us do. That is, when we suppress an opinion or act because it diverges from respectable, standardized opinion or conduct, and the expression might endanger our position in the community, we tend to excuse ourselves. We say, but, after all, how do I know I am right? Perhaps these other people know best, there are so many of them in agreement. On second thought, I believe they are right. Oliver subsided into silence under pressure, but he was not convinced. He was more troubled than the people around him by the necessity to figure out his personal attitudes. He couldn't accept a comfortable majority

opinion. In real life we expect a man to support his family, and to see the propriety of bending his efforts toward that end. In a book we like to see a man perish for an ideal. For a book becomes our phantasy, in which we like to move romantically past all the common obstacles of daily life."

HISTORY OF THE MACCABEES, AND BIOGRAPHY OF MAJOR N. S. BOYNTON. By Ethan W. Thompson. Published privately at Port Huron, Mich.

The Maccabees were among the first fraternal beneficiary Societies organized in America. Embodying sterling features of human service its progress has been steady. Its founder, Major Boynton, who is among the real pioneers in the field of fraternal insurance, was a native of Port Huron, Michigan, born in 1837, died in 1911; son of Granville F. Boynton, an early pioneer of Michigan Territory, and lineal descendant of Sir Matthew Boynton, who is said to have been the first man to introduce sheep and goats into America, in the 17th century. A great-hearted story is that of this family of pioneers who found their way by gradual steps from England to the backwoods of the Great Lakes region in America. In this little volume of a hundred pages is told also the story of the founding of the Ladies of the Maccabees under the leadership of Mrs. Adelpia Grace Ward, at Muskegon (1886); the names of Frances E. Burns and Emma E. Bower are known wherever women meet in Michigan. Today in Detroit, at the Art Center, the new modern fifteen-story building of the Maccabees is said to be the finest office building owned by any fraternal organization in the United States or Canada. These pages form a worthy record of an important phase of Michigan history.

HISTORY OF WESTERN STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE 1904-1929. By James O. Knauss, Ph.D. Published by the College, at Kalamazoo, Mich., 1929, pp. 156.

Prof. Knauss is a faculty member of the History Department of Western State Teachers College. "I am convinced," he says, "that satisfactory histories of education and educational institutions can be written only when the subject under consideration is treated as part of the life of the times in all its manifestations," in which judgment he reveals the outlook and training of the competent scholar in social science. The occasion for the volume was the 25th anniversary of the founding of the College, and time was available for only an approximation of this ideal. The work profited greatly from cooperative research, for which aid, due acknowledgment is made to a number of faculty members in various Departments. In general outline attention is given to early beginnings, material development, development of the curricula

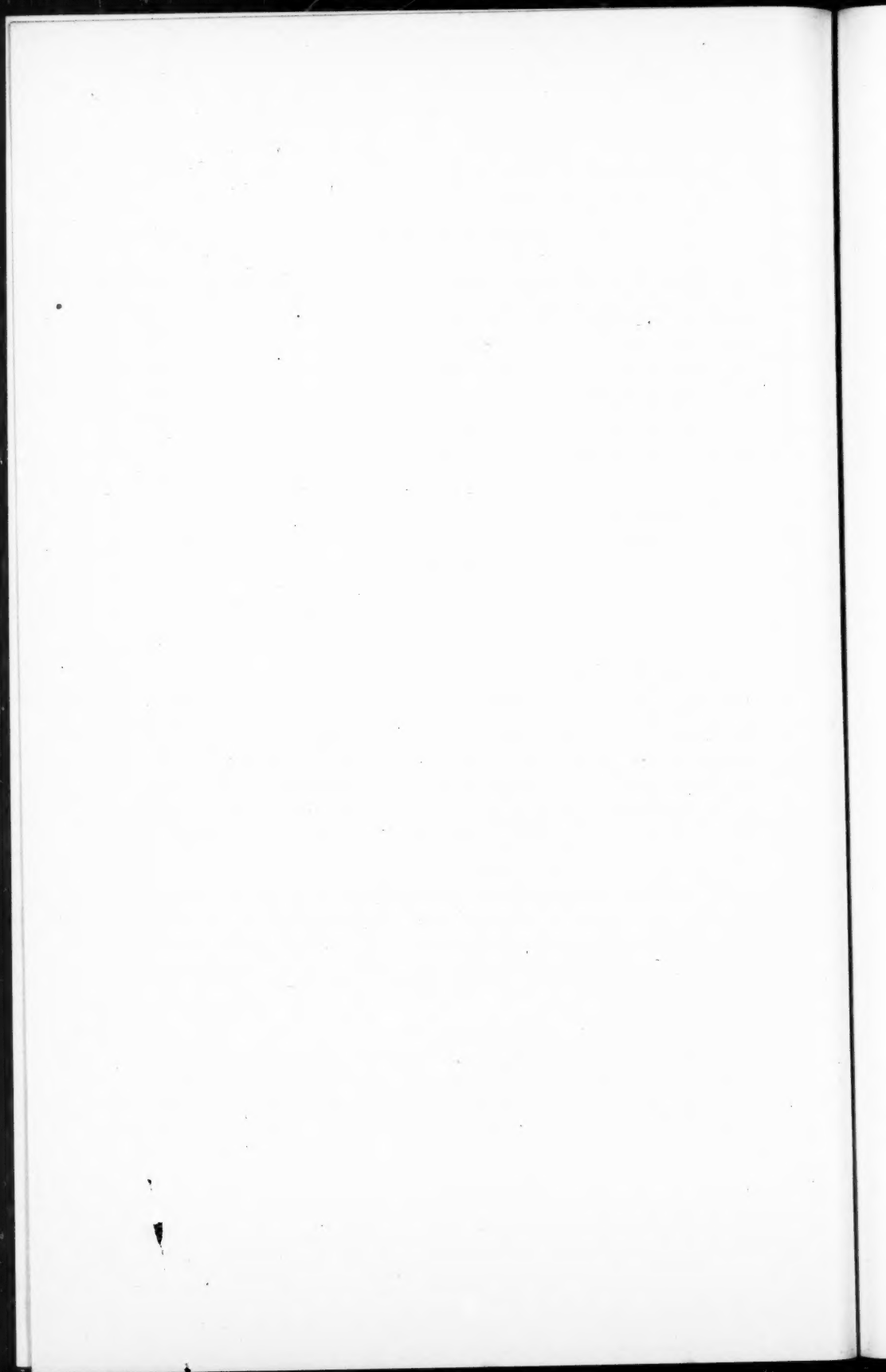
and departments, of the training school system and appointment service, departmental activities that have had close relationship with the public, the student body and its activities, the administrative system and the faculty, and sundry miscellany. Several appendices cover publications of the faculty, educational experiments and studies conducted by faculty members in actual school situations, list of graduates, enrollment data, and roster of administrative officers and faculty members 1904-1929. There is also a list of source material consulted. Among the footnotes are brief data about leading members of the faculty at various periods. A portrait of President Dwight B. Waldo makes an appropriate frontispiece, and included also is a picture of Mr. Henry B. Vandercook who is known for his legislative service as "Father of Western State Normal College." Prof. Knauss is a member of the Michigan Authors Association.

PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHIATRY. By C. B. Burr M. D. Sixth Edition, revised and enlarged, with illustrations. F. A. Davis Co., Phila., 1930, pp. 378. Price \$2.75.

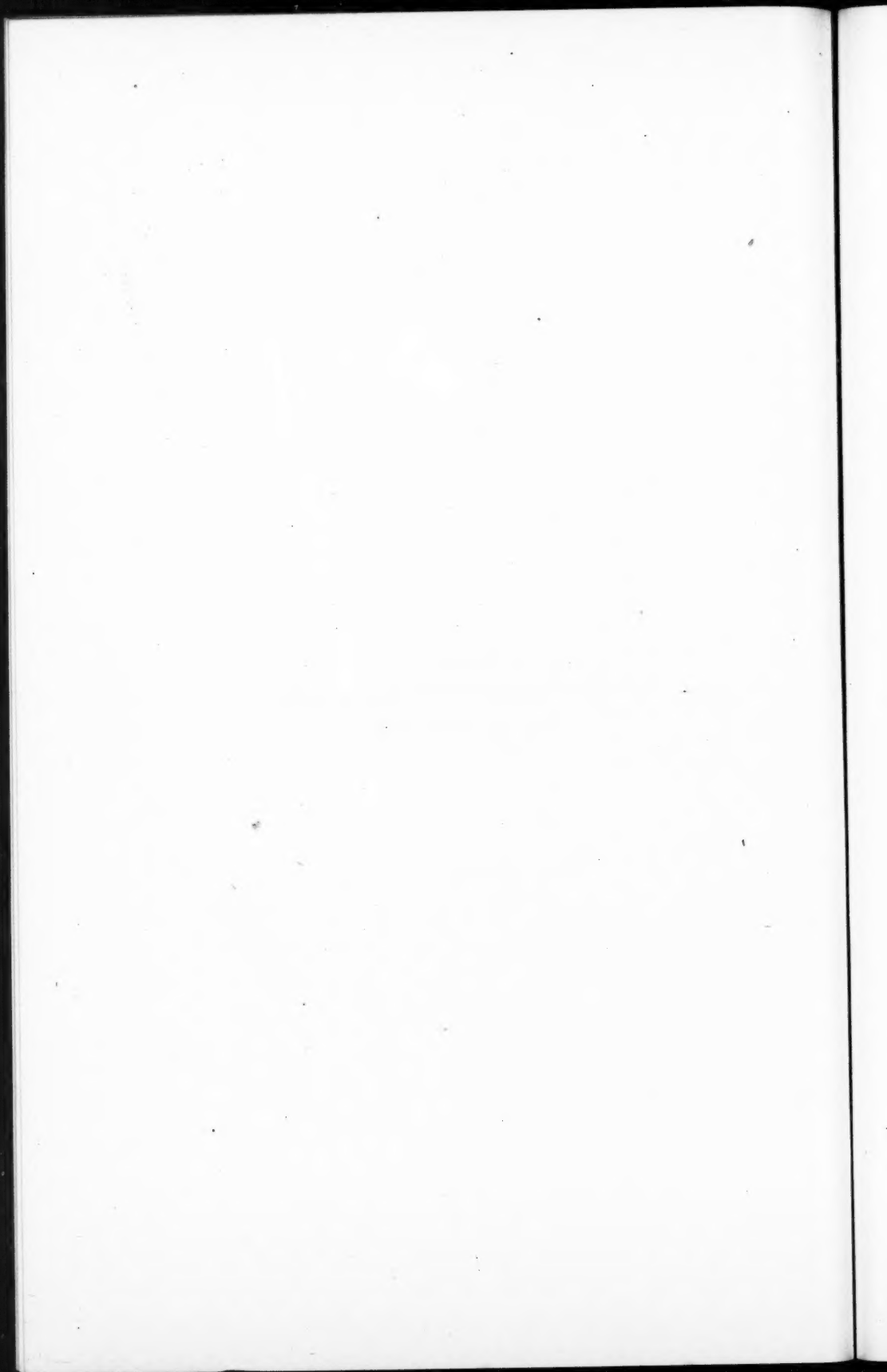
Dr. Burr, whose work in connection with the compilation of the forthcoming "History of Medicine in Michigan" has been frequently mentioned in the Magazine, lives at Flint, and is a member of the Michigan Authors Association. As the work of a Michigan author, the present volume is worthy of note here, but also as a well written and valuable contribution in a most difficult and highly important field. The volume should be helpful as a handy manual for use in training schools for attendants and nurses, as well as in medical classes.

THE BOOK OF HURON MOUNTAIN (1929) has been published by the Huron Mountain Club. This collection of papers concerning the history of the Club and the antiquities and natural history of the region was prepared by the Conservation committee and edited by Mr. Bayard H. Christy. It contains over 200 pages, with plates, folding map, and bibliographies.

WOMEN WORKERS IN FLINT, MICHIGAN, (1929) comes from the Government printing office as Bulletin No. 67 of the Women's Bureau, United States Department of Labor. The survey was made by Mrs. Ethel L. Best, who also wrote the report. Some 80 pages, including tables.



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